Mr. Bellow's Planet *Alfred Kazin*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington ®
November 6, 1976

Bland Ambition

Round about 11 o'clock on election night we will get the results from Dixville Notch, New Hampshire (unless a rival town slips in ahead); they were first in 1972 when they plumped 19 to one for Richard Nixon and they have been organizing for months. If the Dixville Notch Republican vote is reduced this year, as seems likely, the great media projection machine will start grinding for the night's work; Walter Cronkite, albeit he wears a smile, asks his audience whether this betokens a "trend" and before long statistics and tabulations will come pouring in as the hungry univacs swallow it, and who knows the result? Maybe we will get to bed by one.

Not in 1960, though; at two a.m. there was a two million majority for Jack Kennedy which melted to a million a couple of hours later. Along with the milkman came alternative leads from straining reporters all over America: one projecting Kennedy, one Nixon, one a toss-up for the bulldog edition. It wasn't till 12:33 p.m. Eastern Standard Time Wednesday that Minnesota fell to Kennedy, and it was over.

Dixville Notch is a ski area town and brings the circle to where the 1976 show started; a thousand eager citizens last January stamped in from the snow and sparkling stars and near-zero weather to the pastel green-and-white cinder block high school auditorium at Conway, not far from the Notch, in a scene out of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Ronald Reagan threw off his fleece-lined mackinaw to denounce the Washington "buddy-system" and undercut President Ford (whom *Manchester Union-Leader* publisher Bill Loeb called "Jerry the Jerk"). Meanwhile over at Durham, New Hampshire in the first of America's 30 primaries the Man Nobody Knew was telling an audience that he was born-again, that he wouldn't tell them a lie, and that he wanted to make the American government as fine (pause), as honest (pause), as decent (pause), as honorable (pause) . . . as the American people.

The American presidential courtship dance is the longest in the world and nothing is more amazing than the way supporters find logical arguments to defend the illogical system. The surprising thing is that it works in its peculiar way even in this year in which voters seem more pessimistic than usual about their ability to make things happen. They have had the aid, from the beginning of course, of the mass media and the political plenum of press pundits. How else could the ceremony progress? The ambiguity of the primaries brings in the press, who must not only report but act as referee and interpreter, and thereby participate.

Take the Iowa caucus of January 19. Gov. Carter had been preparing for this for two years. Only 45,000 Democrats voted (10 percent) and Carter got 27.6 percent of this (Birch Bayh 13 percent). Nobody cared about the numbers; he had won, hadn't he? The monster publicity machine was activated. Jimmy who? the public asked. The press responded.

In New Hampshire, February 24, one of the smallest states of the Union, the minority party gave Carter a minority of its votes—29 percent, or 22,895, which was more than Udall got (24 percent), or Bayh (16 percent). So he was a sensation. The camera crews had been prowling the drifts for weeks. New Hampshire has knocked out presidential candidates: George Romney, Edmund Muskie, Lyndon Johnson. Would it happen again? The public looks at the primaries as a spectator sport and doesn't know the names of the players: if there is a contest somebody must say who wins, and that function falls to the press. In 1972 it arbitrarily said Muskie must get at least half to remain in first place; he got 46 percent, (more than anyone else) but the anchormen in TV studios and pundits in newsrooms said that this wasn't enough; although he won, he lost. LBJ's showing in New Hampshire in 1968 was below expectations, too, and both men dropped out later. Carter got a low handicap, however, as a newcomer, and was decided to have won. He went on to Florida, the state adjacent to Georgia, and beat George Wallace, 34 percent to 31 percent. He was proclaimed Front Runner and champion.

So now we wait for the last act and look back at what went before. Past elections have been remembered by phrases: the Cross of Gold speech; the boos that became known as "Bronx cheers" at Madison Square Garden in 1924; Teddy's "Bull Moose"; Harding's "Normalcy"; "Prosperity is just around the corner" of poor old Hoover; FDR's "little dog Fala"; Goldwater's "in your heart you know he's right." How about 1976? It has been a silent year.

It was the first year that the government helped pay campaign expenditures, one of the few genuinely revolutionary changes in American politics in modern times. Although far from perfect, and yet to be applied to congressional races, the system is a vast improvement over four years ago; in 1972 some 153 donors between them gave $20 million to the Nixon campaign; today 32 million Americans checked off the one dollar contribution on their tax returns for this year's campaign. After Watergate, 15 big corporations pleaded guilty to making illegal contributions. I think we will never go back to that, no matter what changes are made in the new system.

What phrase do we remember 1976 by? It is the year Reagan constantly nudged Ford to the right, to drop "détente," to drop Rockefeller, to pick Bob Dole as running mate (Reagan himself picked Schweiker). It is the year that Reaganites introduced the bullhorns at Kansas City, when the economy had a "pause," when abortion was an issue, when there was a 28-minute gap in the TV debate; yes, when for the second time in history rival candidates stood on the same platform and confronted each other. The year of the *Playboy* interview, of the amnesiac answer on Eastern Europe. Most of the incidents seem rather negative. It has not been a vintage presidential year. But in retrospect it could appear as momentous as any as we see the qualities of the next President confronting the overwhelming problems awaiting him. Almost certainly the big issue is the economy; for example . . . the real spendable weekly earnings of a working man's family of four are no higher today than in 1965 . . . Almost certainly the election will be decided by how many people actually vote.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 175, No. 19, Issue 3226, November 6, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, Inc., *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Busting the Two-party Trust

This has been the most extensively reported on, commented upon and over-analyzed election campaign in America's history. Even without a calendar, you could sense that the end was near last week just by watching how the reportage, like the campaign itself, trailed off. As writers struggled to find new angles, the stories became odd and folksy. An example, datelined Dayton, Ohio—"Gene Shuman, a husky truck driver with big tattooed arms, thinks it is time for a change in Washington." Another, datelined Sayreville, New Jersey—"In a dim, nearly deserted bar just down the street from St. Stanislaus Church, a tiny slice of ethnic America is pondering the stranger in its midst: Jimmy Carter. 'I can't see a Southerner as President,' mutters Joe Wolski, a plastics-plant foreman sitting at the end of the bar."

By the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, it's safe to say, Joe Wolski will be just as glad as the rest of us to have done with it. The campaign has been a long and dreary one. Yet, tiresome as it may seem at the moment, we think there are still several aspects of the long ordeal that bear analysis right away. Whether we like it or not, the whole cycle will begin again in only a couple of years (presidential campaigns, like professional sports seasons, are due any time now to overlap). It's best to focus on these party and procedural problems while they're still fresh.

First, the nominating process. The Democratic party has been through a spiral of reform and reexamination on this question, and a new commission has already begun to study the work of the last two commissions. Regardless of who wins the election, the Republicans, shattered by the Ford-Reagan struggle, can be expected to indulge in some introspection of their own. This time, however, Congress may steal a march on both parties by taking up reform of the presidential nominating process as one of its first orders of business.

As after every national election, there are complaints that the process is too long, too taxing, too tiring, too expensive and, some would say, demeaning to candidates and voters alike. There is room for change, but we would hope that any attempt to simplify the process comes after careful scrutiny and not as the reflexive result of post-campaign fatigue. The notion of federal regulation of presidential nominations—heretofore left exclusively to the parties—is a sweeping concept in itself. Certain aspects of the existing reforms are

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worth keeping. This year they allowed an out-of-office governor of one party to mount a serious challenge to an incumbent President and an out-of-office governor of the other, so unknown as to be unmentioned in a Gallup listing of 30 potential contenders two years ago, to win nomination in the other.

The main thrust of those reforms was to make the leaders "accountable," so that even an incumbent President would not feel entitled to re-nomination unless he can command a fresh mandate from his own party. Put another way, in a democracy that normally offers only two alternatives to the voters, and only once every four years, it must be possible to test the established leadership of both parties and the incumbent President, should the grassroots party workers and voters desire to do so.

There is obviously room to improve the current system. The limit has probably been reached on the number of primaries that candidates can afford to run in, given the time, energy and money already required. By January there will be no shortage of new schemes; one reader has suggested a system of primaries based on the 11 existing Sears, Roebuck districts. But three ideas are talked about quite seriously: a national primary (several proposals for which appear in each Congress), a system of regional primaries (already drafted and submitted by Sen. Walter Mondale), and a plan for mandating a series of four or five dates through the spring and early summer on which all primaries must be held (advanced by Rep. Morris Udall). Each of these has a common flaw; each would give undue advantage to an incumbent President or the established frontrunner in each party. As Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy demonstrated in 1968—and George McGovern, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan confirmed four and eight years later—insurgents and long-shots require time to build and take hold, often suffer setbacks, near-wins and even losses before they acquire the grounding, the publicity, the monetary and voter support to become credible. The crazy-quilt, spread-out, one-test-a-week aspect of the present nominating process is one of its most useful features; any move toward a single, simultaneous test that forces candidates to run in several states at once—including those where they know they cannot win—would inevitably stretch scarce resources even thinner. This plan would also make it more difficult to recover from early losses and hang on for later victories. It would thereby diminish the crucial measure of accountability that the present reforms have built into the process. However, the reformed process does allow untested politicians to seem qualified for the presidency simply by virtue of momentum gained in winning two or three state primaries.

A second area that needs a serious review is campaign finance. Fashioned in the post-Watergate period, the new laws carry a healthy presumption of official corruptibility; this should be continued. But it is no surprise that the first widespread test of the new financing rules turned up some flaws. Four years ago, Nixon and McGovern raised and spent in excess of $100 million. This year, limited to federal matching money in the primaries, public funding for the general election and with an inflation factor of about 33 percent in the interim, the two candidates will spend about one-third of that amount. At the same time, Ford and Carter will spend more than one million dollars between them merely on the accounting and legal fees incurred as they try to adhere to the complex monthly reporting regulations and other guidelines published by the Federal Election Commission.

Both campaigns were seriously under-funded. What proved most expendable in a budgeting crunch, of course, was not the high management technology of modern politics—the polls, television spots and the like. First to go were the items that tend to give the individual voter a sense of involvement and self-expression—bumper strips, yard signs, buttons, literature to be dropped off on doorsteps, sound trucks, rallies and so forth—the traditional *accoutrements* of American political campaigning. More important, managers in both camps blame the shortage of money for their failure to produce much in the way of bilingual campaign materials directed toward non-English-speaking voters.

When Congress begins its inevitable reexamination of the Federal Elections Act it should keep these items in mind. It will have to pay attention both to the limits on the individual contributor and to the ceiling on expenditures for the general election. The costs of administration are too high, and its legal complexity overwhelming. The FEC is under-financed, under-staffed, and cumbersome; individuals and candidates requesting advisory opinions have waited months for rulings, and when they finally got them, both the advice and the issues involved had been rendered moot by the passage of time.

One of the obvious flaws in the Federal Elections Act—now sustained by the courts—is its inherent major-party bias that effectively permits only Republicans and Democrats to feed at the public trough. If enforced 150 years ago, this law would have assured that neither of the two parties that benefit from it today would be on the scene.

Events in the last days of the campaign spelled out the need for some definitive treatment of independent presidential candidacies, like Eugene McCarthy's. For the past decade there has been a steady erosion of party affiliation, a corresponding growth in the number of people who say they are independents and a diminished tendency for voters who do identify with one of the two parties to vote for the party's nominee. All the while we have permitted the two parties to fight a rear-guard action by enacting laws that give them a tighter armlock on the electoral system. While the

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nominees of the two major parties are given automatic access to the ballot, public funds and massive television exposure, independents must face arbitrary ballot requirements in all 50 states, raise private monies from ever-diminishing sources and fight their way through federal regulatory agencies and the courts in a futile battle to gain reasonable (forget equal) access to the public airwaves. There should be some relief. If an independent candidate for President satisfies the ballot requirements in enough states to gain a potential majority in the Electoral College, for example, he or she should be automatically placed on the general election ballot in the remaining states, be permitted to draw a measure of public funds (on a private-public matching basis) and be guaranteed reasonable access to network television. If the Democrats and Republicans are to survive into the future and continue to take turns running the government, let them do so at the genuine sufferance of the electorate, not by crippling all competition.

Finally, the debates, considered by some a remarkable exercise in democracy and by others, simply dull, censored political theater. A law on the books, the Communications Act of 1934 (Section 315) says that if the electronic media give any candidate free access to the airwaves, all other legally qualified candidates for the same office must enjoy the same access. It took an act of Congress to suspend that provision for the Kennedy-Nixon debates in 1960; this year the League of Women Voters contrived to act as a loophole. The debates were so pivotal in the voters' choice that the rest of the campaign seemed to be merely an interval between them. And they were a large disappointment. In the first place, both Ford and Carter were pumped so full of promptings by their media advisers and pollsters about how they must appear, how they had to come across, what themes and statistics to emphasize, what styles to affect, that each came off as a contrived pasteboard model of himself.

In the second place, the debates were hostage to the painfully negotiated arms of the format, the special concerns of the newspeople who happened to be chosen and the rigid reply-rejoinder form of discussion. Might we have learned more about these men had Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford simply been locked in a room together with a microphone and a television camera, 100 million viewers on hand and 90 minutes to fill?

On the other hand, as we review the transcripts, especially those cloying, repetitive closing statements, maybe what we saw was all there was to see. Describing the preparations for the final debate at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, NBC's Douglas Kiker tried to set the historic context by reminding viewers that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison had all been associated with that town. That's pretty impressive company for two fellows like Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter to be keeping, Kiker noted. We agree.

Mineworker Politics

Following a tumultuous 10-day convention in Cincinnati during which the "Communist" press was expelled from the hall by angry delegates, the United Mine Workers seemed headed for a new round of political infighting. The worst suspicions were confirmed when UMWA President Arnold Miller abruptly dismissed two of his longtime aides: Executive Assistant Ed Burke, a coal miner from Miller's native Cabin Creek, West Virginia, and Bernard Aronson, his press secretary. Both had been with Miller since the early days of the Miners for Democracy election campaign against W.A. "Tony" Boyle, the dictatorial union president later sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder in 1969 of reform challenger Joseph A. "Jock" Yablonski, and Yablonski's wife and daughter.

Miller gave no explanation, and offered neither aide a hearing, though personnel policy requires it, fueling suspicions that the summary discharges were politically motivated. According to union staffers, Miller fears he will be opposed in the June 1977 election by the UMW's popular Secretary-Treasurer, Harry Patrick, and that many of the headquarters staff favor Patrick.

At union headquarters in Washington, the atmosphere was grim. Miller ordered the locks on the building changed and assigned himself the only key. He issued a series of memos directing that no elected officer or employee travel to the coalfields without prior permission, that employees be limited to an hour lunch break, and that all requests for assistance between departments be routed through the president's office. And he appointed Sam Church, a former Boyle supporter and Deputy Director of the Contract Department, as his new executive assistant.

"Arnold has made it clear that more dismissals are coming," said one worried staffer. "He sees an enemy under every rug, and he says he's going to clean house."

The firings on October 7 followed by only four days the conclusion of the UMWA's constitutional convention. It had been called by Miller's opponents on the controlling International Executive Board (IEB), the latest skirmish in a running battle with Miller, in order to strip him of his powers. After 10 days of chaotic debate, Miller emerged with his powers and programs largely intact. But the union's image was badly damaged by the convention's forcible removal of about a dozen representatives of the "radical" press.

The incident occurred on the convention's second day following a strident speech by Vice President Mike Trbovich in which Trbovich charged that "socialistic, revolutionary, and communistic elements" had "infiltrated" the UMWA's ranks, including its headquarters staff. Trbovich, who broke with Miller and Patrick two years ago and has been a relentless critic ever since, has made the charge more than once, but has not given any substantiation.

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The red-baiting refrain was picked up by a delegate who claimed a reporter from the Chicago-based *Call* newspaper had identified himself as a Communist. Angry cries sprang up from the floor, and one delegate suggested the convention recess to "clean house" of Communist and radical reporters. The uncontrolled "debate" went on for several hours while most representatives of the radical press quietly departed after a union staffer voiced fears for their safety. Miller, the chairman, did little to quell the hysteria, nor did he speak out against the expulsions.

Rumors abounded on the convention floor about possible candidates in the next election, which was moved up from November to June of 1977. Much of the speculation centered around the 45-year-old Secretary-Treasurer, Harry Patrick. A former coal miner himself, Patrick has been a loyal defender of the Miller administration for the past several years against attacks by Trbovich and the opposition bloc on the Executive Board. But privately Patrick is said to have become increasingly disillusioned with Miller's performance in office, especially his handling of two nationwide wildcat strikes by UMW members demanding the "right-to-strike" in local disputes.

To many UMW coal miners, particularly younger ones, the "right-to-strike" is the most pressing issue in the coalfields today. Its origin lies in a series of Supreme Court rulings culminating in the 1970 *Boys Market* decision. Taken together, the decisions effectively overturned the labor-backed Norris LaGuardia Act of 1932, which prohibited federal courts from issuing injunctions in labor disputes. In essence, the Supreme Court ruled that any labor agreement that contains a binding arbitration machinery for the settlement of disputes *ipso facto* contains an implied no-strike clause. Thus, the court reasoned, strikes during the term of the agreement are breaches of the contract, and breaches of contract may be enjoined by federal courts. The justices held that a no-strike clause was implicit even in contracts like the UMW's, which explicitly disavows any no-strike guarantee.

The Supreme Court decisions have led industries throughout the nation to resort more frequently to the courts during strikes. This is especially true in the coalfields, where the wildcat is a time-honored response when coal miners believe their contract or safety rights have been violated.

Coal miners allege that many companies violate their contract with impunity and prevent speedy resolution of the dispute through the grievance machinery by stalling, knowing that if the miners strike, the courts will order them back to work. Labor relations have deteriorated so badly in the coalfields in recent years that the treasuries of many local unions have been bankrupted by court-imposed fines, and dozens of local union officers have been jailed for contempt of court.

Out of frustration with this legal morass has come a strong rank-and-file movement demanding that the next contract contain an explicit provision giving a local union the legal right to strike if the majority votes by secret ballot to do so. In an industry that still averages one miner killed every working day, many miners see the "right-to-strike" as their only salvation in the present judicial climate. While reluctant to break with Miller on this issue, Patrick has generally been more attentive to the problems of the wildcat strikers.

The immediate beneficiary of the new infighting at the union appears to be Lee Roy Patterson, an IEB member from West Kentucky and a declared candidate for Miller's job. The 41-year-old Patterson was an appointed official under Boyle and a fervent Boyle supporter in the 1972 election. Following the staff dismissals, Patterson quietly passed word to his allies on the Executive Board not to convene an emergency meeting to consider the firings. (All hirings and firings are subject to IEB approval under the UMW constitution.) Instead, Patterson urged his backers to do nothing "and let Miller destroy himself."

From Sweden to America

Mr. Bellow's Planet

A visible shudder ran through New York—and for all I know, Chicago—when the news came through from Sweden. Swedish opposition to our war in Vietnam was so intense that Wystan Auden was convinced that no American citizen could win the Nobel Prize for literature. He moved himself back to England, friends report, so that the Swedes would see *him* more clearly. Robert Frost never got the Nobel, and I knew he never would when I heard Swedish writers and academicians ignorantly put him down as a "country poet." Edmund Wilson panted for the prize—"I need the money"—but was known on the continent only for the once salacious *Memoirs of Hecate County*. One day he got a special delivery letter from Stockholm, exuberantly called up to his wife "This is it!" and opened it to discover an appeal for funds from a missionary society.

"Saul Bellow got the Nobel Prize!" "Saul Bellow? Saul? SAUL??!!" A vast tremor from the Village to Columbia, forced smiles, clenched teeth, much headshaking from New York's two million authorities in literary history. The difficulty is not really that the Nobel in literature, first bestowed in 1901 on that nothing poet Sully-Prudhomme, was never bestowed on Leo Tolstoy, Henry James, Mark Twain, Sigmund Freud, Joseph Conrad, Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Osip Mandelstam, Evelyn Waugh. The difficulty is Saul Bellow's *familiarity*. To begin with, he is a Jew most of whose characters are Jews. Everyone knows that, so everyone knows what that means in our usual cultural purview. One Jewish writer is like another

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Jewish writer. Or as John Leonard, chief cultural correspondent of the *Times* so confidently put it in his front-page story on The Prize—"If Saul Bellow didn't exist, someone exactly like him would have had to be invented, just after the Second World War, by New York intellectuals, in a backroom at *Partisan Review*."

I have known Bellow since 1942, and I can testify that the only person capable of inventing Saul Bellow is Saul Bellow. Indeed, he has invented and re-invented himself for book after book. No wonder that Bellow feels that constantly labeling him a "Jewish writer" is unfair to him "both as a writer and as a Jew." He has understandably complained that the much-cited American product Bellow-Malamud-Roth reminds him of Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

But the real difficulty that other "intellectuals" experience in taking Bellow seriously enough as a novelist is that both material and technique seem so familiar. Are we getting anything more than his own story projected into the history of a generation? He has never been an "experimental" novelist, his favorite novelist is Daniel Defoe, and he has been influenced more by Dreiser than by Joyce or Proust. Unlike Updike, Mailer, Cheever, Pynchon and how many other candidates for his present eminence, his style, always straightforward, has steadily become more transparent, direct and even curt.

Bellow and the English department have never liked each other. He majored in social science and is on the Committee For Social Thought at Chicago. English departments thrive on modernism, post-modernism, feminism, structuralism, criticism as "interpretive fiction." They are strong on theory, but as Randall Jarrell said, "Irving Babbitt was a man who, tenanted by all nine of the muses, still couldn't create a couplet." Bellow has not been much help to theorists of fiction. The only really "advanced" technical element or interesting "trick" in his novels is the way in which, starting with Herzog's imagined or unmailable letters to the famous and the dead, Bellow has learned to show characters dominated by their fleeting thoughts and images.

Of course all his autobiographical personae, from Joseph in *Dangling Man* (1944) to Charles Citrine in *Humboldt's Gift* (1975) are helplessly mental beings. This, as they comically assure themselves, is their undoing, their failure with lesser beings, their sacrifice to an unfriendly world. The 20th century novel may be a world of consciousness and often nothing but consciousness, but Bellow's protagonists are *intellectuals*, and have to think, think, think all the time. Bellow's ability to bring this out has been the central interest of his development as a novelist. Where are the pathways between the busy brain and the over-charged city street? He has operated like the cleverest neurologist to extend his neural territory. This gift for showing thought in its human place (where it is often homeless and strange to itself) reaches its Orphic lonely best in Arthur Sammler watching a pickpocket working a massed New York bus.

It does not work so well with Humboldt's over-contrived monologues. Humboldt was in life someone else, and comes on as a freak. *Humboldt's Gift* has every possible cleverness and is full of Bellow's new joy in life. The book is not very real. Bellow at his best is a pilgrim in search of the "real," he is committed by his disdain for formal experiment to the necessarily *plain* rendering of every tiny particle of personal existence. One must redeem one's life! is his cry into the silent meaninglessness of death. But when he gets too antic—he is a great comic but better at gags than at "life as comedy"—*Henderson the Rain King* and *Humboldt's Gift* become discursive because the central character is too make-believe to support the willed goings-on.

Henderson, Herzog, Sammler, Humboldt. The Bellow titles are predominantly names because the books are journeys into the ordeal of a single man. My particular favorites, *The Victim* (1947) and *Seize the Day* (1956) are two wonderful narratives about men who are less intelligent and "intellectual" than Bellow himself. Although they record, as usual, a single crisis in a life that has been contracted to that ordeal, they show Bellow disattached from the intellectual chatterboxes who crowd his later novels and, *pace* John Leonard, are the enemies of his spirit. There is a reserve of compassion for Asa Leventhal in *The Victim* and for Tommy Wilhelm in *Seize The Day* that can be located in their unspoken backgrounds: in the first, it is the Holocaust; in the second, the agony of the "pushing" urban Jew who discovers that the will is not enough.

Nothing could be more "familiar" and even "banal" in our culture just now than these two situations. Nothing is indeed more "familiar" than the inability of both men to *account* for their everyday experience. Asa in *The Victim* cannot make head or tail of the accusation that he has cost a colleague his job and his wife. The ironic plot, a variation on Dostoevsky's *The Eternal Husband*—the Jew is accused of conspiring against the anti-Semite—cannot diminish the painful sense of the starkest injustice creepily lingering in the New York air. Asa Leventhal, freed from his tormenter, nevertheless asks him at the end—"Wait a minute, what's your idea of who runs things?"

Similarly, what one carries away from *Seize The Day* is the representative pain of Tommy Wilhelm's confusion. Like the carbon monoxide spurting from the rear end of a bus right into his face—for these true particles of our being Bellow does not need to ape Joyce—Tommy Wilhelm's increasingly desperate struggles with father, wife, mistress and the commodities market end up, all too justly, as identification with a stranger, totally unknown to him, laid out in a funeral parlor on Broadway.

American fiction today has many brilliant practitioners. Like so much in our technological and

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furiously sophisticated culture, it has become enormously professionalized. Professional skills tend to resemble each other, since they are usually bred by a single community of intellect. It may be that the "world" has really turned so unaccountable that the plot of any thriller involving the CIA seems more believable than the characters in our most "expert" novels. It may be that diminishing character in comtemporary fiction is the most obvious casualty of a "dying bourgeois culture."

However that may be, it is a fact that Bellow has again and again given his best to situations whose vividness is that we share them. They resemble us. They are painfully "true." We recognize them and we are *there*. So much ordinariness no doubt invites condescension and even surprise. Our professionalism is founded on a principle of competence hard to tell from competitiveness. Writers too often write with each other in mind. Writers, we are told by the most fashionable criticism just now, want most of all to obliterate their predecessors. But if anything is clear about writing, it is that those with the greatest gift for novelty do not pass very deeply into the minds of those who read them. Bellow, by contrast, has led many people to see the world with his eyes. And *what* one sees, with him and because of him, is not so much the artist as his world. We are led into the true difficulty, hazard, uncertainty, of a world become inexplicably "difficult." Nothing has been solved, but there is emotional authenticity. Nothing has been solved. But the language of the yart has not been avoided.

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *Bright Book of Life: American Novelists & Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer.*

Friedman's Currency

This year's award of the Nobel prize in economics to Milton Friedman came as a shock to a large part of the American public, and of course to the liberal community. To some, it seemed as congruous as a peace prize for Idi Amin, or a literature prize (along with a George Washington Medal for Honesty) for Spiro Agnew. Yet, in stark contrast, no economist I know of was even mildly surprised at Friedman's selection. The award was in the cards, they thought, considered inevitable this year or next, but hardly more distant than that. And my acquaintanceship among economists extends to a fair sampling of liberals, radicals, conservatives and the independently nonaligned. Why the startling difference in reaction? The answer to that question, I believe, may illuminate the nature of Nobel awards as well as the state of modern economics.

But first we should dispose of the irrelevant. One of the objections to the selection of Friedman illuminates nothing more than the failure of some fine minds to function effectively outside their accustomed areas of specialization. The Chicago University economist disqualified himself, wrote Linus Pauling, George Wald, David Baltimore and Salvador Luria (all four Nobel laureates) to *The New York Times*, when he visited and advised the nefarious military rulers of Chile. Granted, Friedman's act was inept and callous. Even so, he was not honored by the Stockholm committee for moral rectitude, humanist sensitivities or political acumen, but for some presumably outstanding contribution to economic knowledge. If legitimate questions are raised, they have to relate to the quality of work produced at one or more points in Friedman's roughly 40-year career.

It is at this thought that much of the public bridles. Friedman is best known as a tireless, peppery advocate of liberalism *in the 19th century European sense*, perhaps the nation's outstanding intellectual exponent of laissez-faire. In short, in the 20th century American sense, he is a hyperactive extremist of the right. He opposes government activity of practically all kinds, and especially economic interventions. He would abolish virtually all regulations on industry, working conditions and the professions. He would turn over to private industry the nation's schools, highways, federal parks, the post office and all other publicly operated services like water supply, local buses and subways. He would scrap social security, the entire welfare system, and the progressive income tax schedule. Few, if any, measures to protect the environment or the consumer would win his approval. He would terminate all government efforts to stabilize the economy through fiscal and monetary policies, public works or other means. He would leave presidential candidates, and I suppose all other candidates for public office, with nothing to talk about. In other words, all economic decisions would be left to what Friedman conceives as a perfectly competitive private market system populated by firms, workers and consumers with perfect knowledge.

Some contend that, however outrageous, Friedman's shock treatment has yielded significant advances. The adoption of a volunteer army (with salaries set by the "market") and floating exchange rates are said to be his brain children. He is also credited with "disclosing" that licensing procedures (like those for physicians and plumbers) are sometimes used to promote the wealth of the licensed, and that regulating agencies (like ICC and CAB) are often captured by the regulated. But even allowing that some of his observations are keen and that some of his proposals are worthy, Friedman's position as a whole remains as untenable after careful thought as it does at first glance. However ineffectual government may be today, it seems impossible to deny that most of what it *tries* to do needs doing, that the problems it confronts are real, serious and increasing—unemployment, inflation, environmental decay, pollution, the wasteful exhaustion of nonrenewable

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resources, the persistence of poverty and crime, food and drug contamination and on and on. The tides of history with advancing technology and populations, suggest that collective decision-making is practically certain to replace that of private markets in greater degree in the future. If so, the prime challenge today would be to enhance the quality of government, not exhort it to wither away.

In any event, no matter how brilliantly executed, is a modern restatement of the 1776 thesis of Adam Smith worthy of a Nobel prize in economics? The response must be that the prizes in economics, since they were instituted in 1969, have been generally awarded on less specific grounds than that question would imply. Particularly in monetary economics, Friedman has demonstrated a theoretical virtuosity far above the average. He has constructed mathematical models and pursued econometric studies with extraordinary dexterity and tenacity through a 40-year career. True, his best known correlations show a close relationship between the quantity of money and business activity that may be interpreted in more than one way. He asserts that they demonstrate that the quantity of money *determines* the level of business activity. Therefore, he concludes, government should simply stabilize (along a steady growth path) the money supply and leave everything else alone. Then, the free market would produce full employment, without inflation, by itself. Many (including the present writer) contend that his studies show merely that the level of business activity determines the quantity of money. If so, the latter would be innocent of any mysterious power for automatic control.

But such considerations relate to the basic question, what light do Friedman's models cast on economic behavior or on economic policy? In most of the awards made to date, the Nobel committee has placed greater weight on the technical excellence with which models are constructed than on their empirical significance. By that standard, and in the company of preceding laureates, Friedman ranks very high. For those who know the circumstances, his selection is not surprising.

The chief circumstance governing Nobel awards in economics is that, despite growing mathematical virtuosity, significant contributions to knowledge in the field have been extremely rare during the past 30 years. Economists have been looking inward at their models, refining and polishing their neoclassical and Keynesian heritage. They have not been looking outward at the world, observing, to generate new insights. Two apparent, outstanding exceptions among the 11 Nobel laureates designated thus far are Simon Kuznets and Wassily Leontief; but their key contributions—on national income accounting and input-output economics, respectively—date back to the 1930s, the intellectually fruitful period that also spawned the great work of John Maynard Keynes. The remaining Nobel awards were for the most part made for less distinct reasons, such as "work in economic theory," "work in econometrics," "work in general equilibrium analysis," "work in welfare theory." In other words, the critical contributions involved theoretical constructs with no easily identifiable relationship to problems or events in the observable economic world. The elegance of the form, not content, was the criterion. Past awards in other sciences—chemistry, physics, physiology and medicine—are in marked contrast. The accumulation of knowledge is unmistakable in such randomly selected contributions as the discovery of penicillin, the structure of the insulin molecule, the magnetic moment of the electron, or the development of holography and the deciphering of the genetic code. Obviously, current standards for the "hard" sciences are different from those applied to economics. That difference both explains and justifies the Friedman award.

Melville J. Ulmer

The Science Nobels

The three Nobel prizes for science, unlike those given for peace or literature, hardly ever provoke debate or dissension, let alone any breath of scandal. The media automatically elevates to celebrity status those announced as the winners of the mysterious annual selection process. Yet that far-away prize committee does sometimes goof. In 1974, probably through failure to do its homework properly, it gave a prize for the discovery of pulsars (a new class of star) to a man fortunate enough to have as his graduate student the young woman who made the discovery. Then again, the prize system is largely inappropriate to the way present day science is done, which is not by giants taking seven-league strides but by teams or individuals who are sometimes only days, at best a few years, ahead of their closest rivals.

None of which is to belittle the individual achievements of this year's science laureates, or their remarkable collective feat in helping one country make a clean sweep of the board. The Nobel prize for physics, nevertheless, illustrates how fast and furious the competition for priority of discovery can be. It was awarded for a photo-finish race between two large teams of physicists, one on the East Coast, one on the West, who announced on the very same day that each had detected a new kind of sub-atomic particle. The East Coast team of 14 physicists was headed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Samuel C.C. Ting, who was born in Michigan of Chinese parents. Leader of the 35-man West Coast team was Burton Richter, kid brother of the man whose name is given to the scale on which earthquakes are measured. The East Coast people have named the new particle "J," reportedly because "J" resembles the Chinese character

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for Ting. On the West Coast it is called "psi," the only remaining letter of the Greek alphabet which had not been assigned to a particle.

Discovery of the J/psi particle is deemed important because it may help make sense out of the alphabet soup of sub-atomic particles now known to exist. A decade ago it was pointed out that many of these particles could be fitted into an orderly classification scheme if they were assumed to be combinations of three hypothetical entities, known as quarks after the phrase in *Finnegans Wake*, "Three quarks for Muster Mark." Several particles discovered since do not fit well into this scheme unless it should be that Muster Mark has four quarks. The mathematical formalism of the quark theory requires that quarks be different, and the abstract quality that distinguishes the postulated fourth quark is called, for want of a more realistic name, charm.

The significance of the J/psi particle is that it offers empirical support for the charmed quark hypothesis. The particle behaves in the manner expected of a charmed quark bound to its anti-quark. At least five other particles have since been discovered that contain a charmed quark or anti-quark as a component. Thus, theory and experiment (note that the theorists were not included in the prize—both Ting and Richter are experimentalists) have been combined in a definite forward step toward understanding the ultimate structure of matter.

Nobel prizes are not the least reason for the highly competitive nature of nuclear physics, and some features of the Ting-Richter race and its extraordinary dead-heat finish are worth recounting. The Ting team started a special experiment to look for new particles in April 1974. They turned up evidence for the J/psi particle at the end of August. With the machine they were using, the elderly accelerator at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, the particle is quite hard to find, but if you have the right machine, and if you know at exactly what energy level to search, it can be turned up very easily. In fact when an Italian group was told of the discovery, they detected the particle on their machine within two days.

The Ting team did not immediately announce the discovery made in August but delayed in order to do further tests. By mid-October their finding had become an almost open secret in the physics community, so much so that on October 22 a Stanford physicist (though not a member of the Richter team) asked to see Ting's results obtained at the particular energy level at which the particle had been found. Richter's team discovered the particle at their very first attempt on November 10, and wrote up their results the same day. Amazingly, no one had told them of the Brookhaven result, which they learned of only while preparing their manuscript. What had led them to search for the particle was an anomaly in data they had taken in June, and which at first had been attributed to an equipment malfunction. An exhaustive check ruled out that explanation, which left the possibility of a particle. Totally unaware that they were in a neck-and-neck race with the Ting team, Richter's physicists started their search on the weekend of November 9 and 10—technicians were busy resetting the machine on weekdays—and discovered the particle. The Italian team, which detected the particle four days later, was not included in the prize—presumably because it already knew where to look.

Just as the J/psi particle brings order to the realm of sub-atomic physics, the Nobel prize for chemistry went to a man who has brought order to a small but worrisome class of chemical compounds which seemed to defy the accepted rules of chemistry. He is William Lipscomb of Harvard, a chemist, clarinetist and Kentucky colonel. His feat was to solve the structure of a class of chemical compounds known as boranes, which are made of boron and hydrogen atoms in various combinations. Classical theory teaches that atoms join to one another by each contributing an electron to the bond. The paradox with the boranes is that there are not enough electrons available to make the required number of electron pair bonds. Lipscomb ascertained the physical structure of the boranes by technically arduous x-ray procedures and from that provided a theoretical explanation for the problem, that in addition to the classical electron pair bond there can exist a "three center" bond in which two electrons join three atoms together. The theory explained the boranes and many other anomalous chemical compounds that standard theory found hard to cope with.

The Nobel prize for medicine and physiology went to Baruch S. Blumberg of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and D. Carleton Gajdusek of the National Institutes of Health for their discovery of new mechanisms for the origin and dissemination of infectious diseases. Blumberg's achievement was to discover in the blood serum of an Australian aborigine an antigen, named the Australian antigen, which he and others later showed was part of the virus which causes the severe form of hepatitis known as hepatitis B. Attempts are now in progress to make a vaccine from the virus. Primitive tribes were also the subject of Gajdusek's work, particularly a cannibalistic New Guinea people that suffered from a mysterious degenerative disease known as kuru. Gajdusek collected samples from the tribe and published extensive studies of the disease. He did not in fact ascertain its cause until someone else pointed out the similarities between kuru and scrapie, a known disease of sheep, and suggested an experiment to see if the comparison was valid. Gajdusek did the experiment (injecting brain tissue from people who had died of kuru into chimpanzees), and thereby confirmed that kuru, like scrapie, is caused by a very slowly acting virus. What spread the disease among the tribesmen was the

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practice of eating the brains of their dead. Gajdusek has since shown that another disease, Creutzfeldt-Jacob disease, can be transmitted in the same way. It is possible, though yet to be proved, that other degenerative disorders such as multiple sclerosis and Parkinson's disease are slow virus diseases.

Nicholas Wade

Nicholas Wade writes for *Science* magazine.

White House Watch

Ford at the Wire

Philadelphia

Six days before the end of this miserable presidential election campaign, Gerald Ford was half through a road trip that had turned out to be fundamentally phony. In glimpses caught on television screens at stops along the Ford route, Jimmy Carter appeared to be cautious to the point of fright and to be justifying the skepticism about him that reporters traveling with him reflected in published accounts and in conversations. A choice between this unimpressive pair being obligatory, I choose Carter. With that said, I move on to my proper business, which is to note some impressions of the President and of his performance during the 10 days before the election.

The road trip that was to take the President through Virginia, the Carolinas, California, Washington state and Oregon and back to the capital by way of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas and New York was phony because the conventional rallies and other events that occurred along the way were props for something else. The something else was a series of 30-minute television interviews for which the White House campaign adjunct, the President Ford Committee, had bought air time in states that Mr. Ford would have to carry if he was to have a chance of election. The interviews were supplemented with shorter TV and radio "spots" in a massive electronic blitz that would close the evening before the election with a half-hour on each of the three national networks. Taped shots of the President on the hustings, with his family and with accompanying dignitaries, padded out the first of the 30-minute interviews. They were conducted by Joe Garagiola, a retired baseball player turned sportscaster who traveled with the President. He would have done the work for free if his union had not required him to charge the PFC a minimum fee of $360 for each interview. Garagiola was regarded with considerable scorn by professional journalists, but they missed the point. The point was that, in the first Garagiola-Ford interviews the true Jerry Ford came across as he'd never come across from interviews with orthodox and certified journalists. The explanation begins with the fact that Joe Garagiola in his televised self proved to be a slightly modified Archie Bunker. He boasted of his ignorance of complex issues and invited the President to explain them in terms that ignoramuses like Joe could understand. Mr. Xord obliged, in terms that didn't explain anything but satisfied his pal Joe. Watching the President and Joe together on the screen, manifestly and perfectly at ease with each other, one realized that Gerald Ford really is Archie Bunker, slightly modified, and that he was depending for election upon the nation's Bunkers in their numerous variations.

A realization that this was a campaign trip only in the most nominal sense and was actually designed to provide taped scenes and other material for the television and radio scripts on which the Ford Campaign Committee was spending some four million dollars in the last 10 days was necessary if anyone on the road with the President was to retain sanity. It was also the occasion for bows and bids to interest groups that would have been roundly denounced if anyone interested in denouncing such behavior had bothered to notice. In Portland, at a regional convention of the National Association of Broadcasters, 13 of 14 questions addressed to the President during what was intended to be a news conference were crassly self-interested. Print reporters in the traveling press party were outraged and broadcast reporters were either embarrassed or moved to remind each other that nothing better was to be expected from the owners and managers in their industry. When NAB president Vincent Wasilewski tried to terminate the exhibition, Mr. Ford said "I am enjoying this" and invited more questions of the kind he had been getting. When press secretary Ron Nessen was asked whether questions of this sort had been anticipated, he said it was natural for broadcast executives to raise with the President matters of concern to them. In short, the meeting had been arranged to provide station owners and executives a chance to lobby the US President.

Some of the appearances were merely weird. In Chicago, during an afternoon chiefly devoted to preparing the second of his television sessions with Joe Garagiola, the President visited the home office of the Allstate Insurance Company, conferred with members of its executive committee, and addressed some of its employees in the headquarters cafeteria. Apart from a reiteration of his opposition to federalized health care, nothing in the President's remarks particularly concerned the insurance industry. He delivered essentially the speech that he had just delivered to a crowd in the central building of the Ford City Mall in Burbank, a Chicago suburb. The Ford City Mall is a huge shopping center, connected only by name with Gerald Ford. The acoustics in the closed space where the President spoke were terrible. A steady roar of indistinguishable chatter all but obliterated the President's remarks. "Listen very carefully," he said, thrusting his right forefinger at the

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noisy crowd. The tumult was unabated and Mr. Ford frowned, looking as if he'd just realized that nobody was listening very carefully. He grimly recited his central point—"my idea of tax reform is tax reduction"—and hastened through the similar profundities that comprised his standard rally speech.

A visit to a Jones & Laughlin steel plant near Pittsburgh puzzled the accompanying press. The visit occurred between shift changes, the workers present were working and had no time for handshakes, and Mr. Ford didn't appear to be any more interested in them than they were in him. He watched, and cameras watched him watching, 200 tons of molten iron being poured into a ladle. He didn't say a word in the hearing of reporters. That probably was just as well, considering that Jones & Laughlin was in the process of heavy layoffs and other plants in the Pittsburgh area were also furloughing or had furloughed thousands of workers. A camera crew under contract to the President Ford Committee had a preferred position during the visit. It was filming scenes for the Pennsylvania edition of the Ford-Garagiola interview to be broadcast in Pennsylvania. The President's major address in Pittsburgh was to the Pittsburgh Economic Club. The attending members had expected a discussion of economic problems and policy. They got a dissertation on Ford foreign policy. It was well conceived, well delivered, and singularly inappropiate. It caused one to wonder whether Mr. Ford and his people really cared at this stage about anything except the television interviews, the radio-television spots, and the pre-election shows in paid time on the three networks that were counted upon to snatch victory from Jimmy Carter.

John Osborne

Dilettantes, Warriors—and Carter

The Liberal Democrats

by Henry Fairlie

What does the Democratic party stand for? God alone knows, one is inclined to say, and God is dead. In a way, the question is falsely put. All great parties are coalitions and stand for many things, some of which may at any given time appear to be irreconcilable, and even the more ideological parties of Europe today do not seem to stand for anything very definite. Yet the question must be asked, even if one puts it differently, in the form of John Kenneth Galbraith's question of a few years back, Who needs the Democrats? A party cannot in the end be all things to all men.

Let us begin with those in the party who appear, and certainly who claim, to be most interested in policy and issues: the generally upper-income, professional, literate rather than intellectual, "liberals" of the past half century. The label must be put into quotation marks, because its meaning is indistinct; and also because some of the leaders whom we must consider—Adlai Stevenson and Eugene McCarthy—are not easy, in spite of their reputations, to classify as liberals.

The "literate liberals," as we may call them for shorthand, have a hard time. Their consciences are precious, in more than one sense; and yet the aroma of power, like a perfume by Halston, wafts about them, seductive and clinging. How can they reconcile the two? Their concern is almost theological: how to make angels dance on the pinnacle of the Washington Monument. Let us leave aside for the moment the literate liberal of the 1930s and the 1940s, then to return to him to find the lesson he has to teach. The literate liberal to whom we are accustomed today grew out of the 1950s and the Stevenson years.

At the Democratic Convention in 1960, the observant could have found a vignette. At the two previous elections, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and his wife had been fervent supporters of Adlai Stevenson. Now, the name of Stevenson had been put in nomination for a third time, against that of John Kennedy, but this time Arthur Schlesinger had deserted Stevenson for the new young standard bearer, while Marion Schlesinger remained loyal to the end.It has reliably been reported to me that, as Stevenson went down to defeat, the eyes of each of them were moist, those of the faithful handmaiden to the last, and those of the timely deserter. Such moments are for albums, the petals of violets pressed between the pages. The literate liberals face choices from which common people retreat ignobly. Eternal flames are lit in their hearts, then to be

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extinguished by their tears. Their consciences are tender for losers.

On the evening of January 22, 1952, Harry Truman asked Adlai Stevenson to take the nomination of the Democratic party; if he wanted it, he could have it. But Stevenson said No! even though he was at the time, as we know from his own papers, calculating his prospects. Jake Arvey, the boss of Cook County and an astute politician, later said that Stevenson's answer had angered Truman: "He couldn't understand it. How a man could dillydally around with a thing like the presidential nomination." But for months Stevenson dillied and dallied, baffling and even irritating his friends. As one of the closest of them, Carl McGowan, later said, looking back on 1952: "When the mysterious tide that carries you to the presidency sets in, you had better go if you want it."

Stevenson sought the nomination of his party three times; he won it twice, and when he lost the third time, he did not much like the losing. He cannot be excused on the grounds that he was not ambitious. His ambition was marked, even though he seemed to be fastidious with it.

In each of his bids for the nomination, he confused his friends and supporters, and misused his party by his indecisiveness. In 1953, Eleanor Roosevelt told him that winning the presidential election was hard enough in any case, "even when one had the will and the drive; and that without them, it was impossible." Five years later, when the possibility of a third nomination was being considered, Truman recalled that before his first nomination Stevenson had been "too busy making up his mind whether he had to go to the bathroom or not." And behind the indecision, there was always the self-delusion, the waiting for a draft. No prophet waited more effortlessly for a chariot to carry him to the clouds.

"If there's a touch of destiny about the draft business, then I don't want to thwart it," he wrote to Alicia Patterson on June 26, 1952, and eight years later he was writing to the wife of Thomas Finletter: "That I will accept a draft—yes—who wouldn't or couldn't!" The refrain seems to be played on a clarinet without a reed. He might ask the cup to pass from him, but oh! how he wished his party to press the cup to his lips.

Stevenson may have been a good man: that is not the issue here. His voice was certainly one that was good to hear in America in the 1950s: but that also is not the issue. He simply was not fit to be the national leader of a great party. His attractiveness to the literate liberals was a phenomenon of crucial importance. Their desire for "purity" in politics has too easily become a self-justifying rationale for choosing losers, reconciling their consciences with the aroma of power.

We must place Stevenson in his time. With the decision of Harry Truman not to seek reelection in 1952, the period of the New Deal-Fair Deal came to an end: indeed, it was only by a striking infusion of his own convictions and energy that Truman gave the Fair Deal any reality at all, both as candidate and as President. The generation of power-brokers who had helped Roosevelt and Truman to sustain the New Deal-Fair Deal coalition were losing their hold; and after the superb effort that the unions made on Truman's behalf in 1948, their political role began to change with extraordinary rapidity. The politics of the New Deal and the Fair Deal had largely been boss politics in all its forms, and boss politics was being undermined by social changes. Even as Truman won, there were hints of a change.

A number of New York Democrats who lived in the Ninth Assembly District of Manhattan formed the Lexington Democratic Club to challenge the dominance of Tammany. By 1953 they had achieved the election of a district leader who was not a nominee of Tammany; and by 1955 the direct election of district leaders was established. What might now seem to be only a local development was symbolically more important: partly because the bosses in the Northeast cities—Carmine De Sapio in New York, Frank Hague in Jersey City, James Curley in Boston—were all being forced into retreat; partly because the liberal-labor coalition in the Americans for Democratic Action was simultaneously becoming a force on the national level, representing something of the same movement; and partly because what was most needed by the reformers —a prominent figure who could be hoisted into the national leadership of the party—was suddenly there in the person of Adlai Stevenson. The banner of the liberals was to be inscribed with his legend.

But the story of the Lexington Democratic Club—which it considered important enough to celebrate in its own historical account published in 1959—is most interesting today because its growth foreshadowed the kind of influence that has been exercised in the years that have followed by precisely the generally upper-income, professional, literate rather than intellectual, liberals whom we are considering. They liked to believe that with their affluence and position they could disdain the politics of patronage; that they were more interested in issues than in tactics; and that by a combination of reason and grace of spirit they would regenerate the country and fit it for its mission in this century. Stevenson was important to them, both because he seemed to represent in himself all these attributes, and because his two defeats then enabled them to construct a rationale for their own dispirited sense of the futility of politics. Many of them would rather have lost a third time with Stevenson in 1960 than have a chance of winning with Kennedy. Their slogan seemed to become:"You know when you are defeated that you are right."

But there is more to it than that. "Adlai was never a real liberal," according to George Ball, who worked closely with him; and Stevenson himself complained in

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1952 to Ernest K. Lindley, the Washington editor of *Newsweek*, that a story about him in that magazine "unfairly portrayed him as more liberal than he was." At a crucial meeting with a representative of Harry Truman in 1952 he said that he was opposed to the principle of public housing, that he would not repeal the Taft-Hartley Act, that he was not in favor of federal aid to education, that he was opposed to what he called "socialized" medicine, that civil rights were the responsibility of the states, and that the federal government ought not to put the South "completely over a barrel." In short, he repudiated the Fair Deal. Yet the literate liberals were willing to see in him their champion. Moreover, the conservatism of his views on such issues was only a part of the curiosity of his position. His whole "life style" suggests why he was a hero to the liberals of the "silk-stocking district" of Manhattan.

When he entered politics in Illinois, his supporters were "drawn largely from the lawyers and financial men of LaSalle Street, from Lake Forest and other Northern Shore suburbs, from old college friends, and from the Council on Foreign Relations"; and his sympathetic biographer adds that this circle, "not labor unions or ethnic groups or Negroes or others of the Democratic coalition, was the Stevenson base." Although warm in their personal support for him, they persistently regarded his political activities as something of a lark, like going on a picnic, as they did, with hamburgers and champagne; and most of them were Republicans.

As one of these life-long friends, Jane Dick, has said of them, they felt their "responsibility to society—it was not exactly *noblesse oblige* but something like that, the idea that we who were so lucky had great obligations"; and she added with a touch that tells it all, "I thought it was romantic that my uncle proposed to his wife on a cracker barrel in Hull House." The worst of it is that one unmistakably hears something of Stevenson's own voice in that feyness.

In all of this Stevenson was an ideal spokesman for the literate liberals of the 1950s, who in growing numbers ceased to perceive the problems of the country in terms of the economic system. By the 1950s Arthur Schlesinger was writing that big business was no longer to be feared and could be accepted by the Democratic party as an ally, and John Kenneth Galbraith was arguing that there existed in capitalism a countervailing power to correct its excesses. It even needed Michael Harrington to rediscover for the literate liberals in the early 1960s that there was such a thing as poverty in the Galbraithian affluent society.

The name of Adlai Stevenson was placed in nomination in 1960 by Eugene McCarthy. His speech was magnificent. Rather like Roosevelt when he nominated Al Smith in 1928, he seemed to be picking the mantle off the shoulders of the man whom he was championing.

Early in the campaign of 1968, I said to Joseph Kraft one evening that if I were a conservative I would vote for McCarthy, "because he is the nearest there is to Calvin Coolidge," and Kraft replied: "You mean, the business of America is jokes." Throughout 1968 it was hard to understand why, because of his opposition to the war in Vietnam, McCarthy was perceived as a liberal. No more upstanding conservative had been a Democratic candidate for the presidency since Adlai Stevenson.

When McCarthy said after his victory in the Oregon primary that, if he won the election, he would tear down the railings that surrounded the White House, many of his followers took it as a wonderful signal of how accessible to the people he would make the office. But of course what he meant was that he would make the presidency so unimportant that no one would ever think of going to the White House. In 1973 I took part in a seminar at the New School in New York on "The Crisis of the Presidency," of which McCarthy was the moderator, and in an afterdinner speech he in effect argued for the transformation of the President into a prime minister. It did not surprise me. For all his worth in 1968, McCarthy had always seemed to me to be running for the wrong office in the wrong country.

Adlai Stevenson was a convinced opponent of big government; so was McCarthy; and both of them were in their days the heroes of the literate liberals. There is something in this fact that cannot be evaded. Indeed, one may put it even more strongly, and with no intention to be provocative: the natural opposition to the Vietnam war came from conservatives like Eugene McCarthy and William Fulbright. To say this is not to defend the American effort in Vietnam, especially the manner of it, but to make a serious point about the political philosophies of today which some find it uncomfortable to face: that a conservative such as Fulbright, who does not believe that the federal government should do anything very much about anything, especially about the blacks in Arkansas, must naturally be opposed to such an effort of the federal government as the war in Vietnam.

When Lyndon Johnson began to talk of building the Great Society not only in America—and there was a kind of lunacy in the proposals—one can easily imagine the horror, the incredulity, with which conservatives such as Fulbright and McCarthy must have raised their hands: "Enough! . . . Enough!"

But we are here at the crunch. When Robert Dole said that World War I and World War II and the Korean War were "Democrat" wars he was making them sound sleazy. But beyond the sleaziness there was a truth; and it is a truth of which the Democratic party has to learn how to be proud. It has taken the country into war in this century, and conducted those wars, because it was necessary that the country go to war.

The futility of the manner in which the war in

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Vietnam was fought should not be allowed to obscure what needs to be said. The memories of it are too recent and still too painful; and it is not yet time for the "revisionist history" that must come, arguing the case for the intervention. The plain fact is that it is the Republicans and conservatives in this century who have been isolationist, and the Democrats and liberals who have been internationalist. "The Republicans get the country out of Democratic wars:" there is enough truth in the remark for the Democrats to learn that it is in fact a tribute to them. The true conservative is Robert Taft opposed to government action both at home and abroad; the true liberal is Franklin Roosevelt, in favor of government action at home and abroad. The "conservative" who cannot be respected is a Barry Goldwater who opposes government action at home but supports it abroad; and the "liberal" who cannot be respected is a—who?—George McGovern who is in favor of government action at home but opposes it abroad.

I admit that the point I am making is uncomfortable, but it must be made. If a country as powerful, and therefore as important to the security of the world, as America is today, is not ready to go to war, it will not evade its responsibilities, it will merely try to execute them on the cheap and in secrecy. If election campaigns were occasions of brutal honesty, the reason for voting for Jimmy Carter this year is that, *if it is necessary*, he would be ready to take the United States to war.

But election campaigns have never been as brutally honest as that. In 1940, under severe pressure from his political advisers, Franklin Roosevelt gave his pledge that, under his administration, no American boy would die on foreign soil. When he first uttered those words from the back of a train, he retreated to his compartment, according to the journals of Harry Hopkins, and was sick. He had told a lie; he knew that he had told a lie; and what is more, I believe that any American who was capable of thinking straight also knew that he was telling a lie. But if he believed that he was the right man, and that the Democratic party was the right party, to take the country into a necessary war, and to fight that war energetically and with conviction, then the lie was justified, even if it made him vomit; and Jimmy Carter was never more untrue to himself in the whole campaign this year than when he said that he would not send troops to Yugoslavia if Russia chose to occupy the country.

For what does the Democratic party stand for? It stands for the energetic assertion of the power of the federal government. Two Sundays before this year's election, I and a friend were pondering the pictures of the huge crowds that Carter had addressed the previous day in Alexandria, Virginia: huge crowds of government workers. And my friend, Timothy Dickerson, whose name deserves to be given, for wit is individual, said to me: "Carter may be running against Washington, but he's not running against Alexandria."

At the beginning of this campaign, I made my protest in these pages against the attack on big government, and said how foolish it was for anyone who was running for the presidency to say that he was running against Washington. My point here is different: not an argument in favor of big government, but a mere demonstration that the campaign, both of the Democratic party and of Jimmy Carter, this year has had a geological fault in it precisely on this issue.

The Republicans have been quite right in saying that Carter and the Democratic platform are for big government; but neither he nor the Democrats have been ready to respond, without any qualification, that yes! they are for big government. And among the influences—the pressures—on Carter and the Democratic party one feels that none has been more strong than that of the literate liberals, the old-lace survivors of the Lexington Democratic Club and their successors, the searchers after political leadership in those who will not lead, and who will not lead because they carry their conservatism to the point at which they almost are apolitical: politicians against politics, lackadaisically seeking office to govern against government.

At the end of the 1960s and into the 1970s, the literate liberals were flirting with what was called the "new politics." The text of the "new politics" was provided by Fred Dutton in 1971: "The key political struggle of the decade could well turn out to be as much over the nature of our culture as the politics of the 1930s were over the nature of the economy;" and in that struggle the lower-income workers, unless they were black, would be the enemies.

But politics that is concerned primarily with "the nature of our culture" is in fact the politics of an upper middle class that is secure in its affluence and its privileges. And it is at this point that the genuine liberals in the Democratic party need to look back to the literate liberals of the 1930s and the beginning of the 1940s.

They were concerned with "the nature of the economy"—believing that it significantly determines "the nature of our culture"—and their sustained criticism of the New Deal, even while they passionately voted for it, was a criticism that had at least been instructed by Marxism. They did not turn Roosevelt in to a Marxist or the New Deal into a Marxist experiment, and one may well say, thank God for that. The practical politicians may have despised them; certainly they were irritated by them. Even an impractical politician such as Stevenson wrote in a letter: "As for the liberal sheets, I'm getting thoroughly fed up on (*sic*) them." But no one can read the accounts of those years without realizing that the pressure of the literate liberals was felt by the practical politicians in office, and again and again pushed the New Deal beyond its brilliant improvisions into at least some

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concern with "the nature of the economy."

Behind them of course was the public philosophy which had been created at the beginning of the century by men such as John Dewey and Thorstein Veblen, the same public philosophy that caused a revolution in the teaching of Harvard Law School, when the law was at last conceived not as a static body of unchangeable precepts, but as a man-made instrument that could be used for social change. That public philosophy came to some kind of fruition in the New Deal; but no public philosophy since then has been elaborated, and the primary fault is that of the literate liberals as they have retreated in their affluence to a private concern with "the nature of our culture."

What does the Democratic party stand for? It stands for big government. Who needs the Democrats? The vast majority of the people whose lives are made more painful and trivial and dejected than they need be by 'the nature of the economy" over which modern government has yet to assert itself.

Life in Eastern Europe

Without Memory or Hope

by Tad Szulc

Athens

A myriad of impressions gathered in more than a month in Eastern Europe, dozens of formal interviews and private conversations lead me to conclude that this region is in deep trouble, beset by internal and external problems of every type, mired in profound insecurities, looking toward the future with not too much hope. With the possible exception of Yugoslavia, the leitmotif is stagnation and a sense of resignation.

This autumn markes the 20th anniversary of events that nobody in Eastern Europe really wants to remember. In a very different way from the days in 1956, when Soviet armies smashed an anti-Communist rebellion in Hungary, and Poland enjoyed its brief "glorious October" of liberalism before Moscow put on the screws again, the Eastern Europeans now face another basic crisis, one that no longer can be resolved by Soviet military might.

Eight years ago, in August 1968, the Russians felt compelled to invade Czechoslovakia to guarantee the survival of Soviet domination and Communist rule. This they accomplished, and there is nothing on the Eastern European political horizon to suggest that Moscow might once more feel called upon to demonstrate the fact of its essential domination over the region. The assumption is that the Kremlin will not commit the aberration of moving militarily into Yugoslavia after Marshal Tito's death to impose control over the Yugoslavs, who broke away from Stalin 28 years ago and developed their own brand of national communism.

The Eastern European crisis in 1976 is quite different. The comparatively liberal Communist regime in Poland may be endangered by hardliners taking advantage of extremely serious economic difficulties. Yugoslavia is battening down the political hatches as Tito's succession approaches. East Germany, economically more prosperous than its bloc partners, feels so insecure that she has built a barrier like the Siegfried Line the length of the West German border so that her citizens cannot flee. In Romania, where an independent foreign policy is tolerated by Moscow so long as the regime otherwise retains Communist orthodoxy, an oppressive "cultural revolution" is being launched this fall. Czechoslovakia suffers under a puppet regime, while her once solid economy keeps deteriorating. In Hungary, where the economy is better managed, tensions are beginning to appear under the surface.

Eastern Europe is undergoing a fundamental crisis of its social, economic and political systems, more intense now than at any time since the postwar regimes undertook the "building of socialism," a phrase that is still heralded by official progaganda, but used derisively and sarcastically in private, even by many of the men in power. It would be only fair to note that Western Europe, too, is in the throes of structural crises of extraordinary magnitude that may indicate that Capitalists are just as unsuccessful as Communists in managing economic crises. It should be stressed that all of Europe (except, so far, West Germany and the Benelux countries), "from the Atlantic to the Urals," is undergoing an unprecedented period of socio-economic

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tension.

The difference in Eastern Europe is that here the governments lack the corrective mechanisms of Western Europe (in Italy, for example, even the Communist party is cooperating with the Christian Democrats to bring some order out of chaos), and they do not possess either adequate economic resources or political flexibility to cope with the problems.

This is why the picture of Eastern Europe in the fall of 1976 is one of stagnation and near hopelessness. Not even the Russians can really help, as they are short of resources to satisfy their own requirements. There is little fat in the Soviet economy, nothing to parcel out as aid to Eastern Europe. Yet at the same time, Eastern Europe is forced to supply the Russians with industrial and consumer goods that it would rather keep for its own people or sell in the West for hard currency. The Soviets can afford much less to assist faraway clients such as Cuba (which is a full member of the Comecon, the Communist common market) or others in the "Third World." The Western option, chosen by many European Communist countries as a complement to Soviet economic support, is also beginning to erode.

Having run up in the last 10 years (particularly since 1970) some $25 billion in debt to the West to purchase modern technology needed to develop economically, the Eastern Europeans are also considerably dependent on Western financial sources. The Soviet Union's own debt to the West is likewise very high—experts at the European Economic Commission in Brussels estimate the total Comecon indebtedness at some $40 billion—and Western bankers are beginning to have second thoughts about new refinancing. Although all the Communist governments are obsessively punctual about meeting their payments, the question is, how much higher can this debt be allowed to rise?

What is happening at a time of profound economic crisis in Eastern Europe is that this region may start losing vital Western backing while the Russians clearly cannot make up for it. Western decisions on this point are obviously much more important than the wholly unreal Ford-Carter debates as to whether Eastern Europe is independent of the Soviet Union (she is not) and whether the United States should send troops to Yugoslavia in the hypothetical event of a Soviet invasion. This is as good a time as any to observe how stunningly irrelevant—and dangerous—the American electoral debates have been in terms of Eastern European realities; this view is shared by sophisticated Communist officials, thoughtful non-Communists in Eastern European capitals, and American diplomats who have to deal in local realities. There was, in fact, a palpable sense of shared embarrassment among the hosts and the guests when the videotape of the Ford-Carter foreign policy debate was shown to invited local officials at an American embassy in Eastern Europe.

The question of the Comecon debt was discussed at a quiet Paris conference in October by senior American, West European and Japanese officials, and while no decision was reached, something of a controversy is beginning to develop on the subject. Some American officials, for example, are taking the view (though there is no official policy on this point) that excessive lending to Communist countries may assist them in improving their military capabilities. This judgment, expressed privately, is linked to the view held at NATO headquarters in Brussels, as it is at the Pentagon, that the Soviets and their Warsaw Pact allies are busily improving their qualitative as well as quantitative offensive capabilities.

At NATO, a visitor is told that this trend is becoming alarming. The Soviets are now capable of deploying in Eastern Europe a new mobile SX-20 intermediate ballistic missile with "MIRVed" warheads (intelligence sources say, however, that no actual deployment has yet taken place) that could smash all of Western Europe. At the same time there has been a steady improvement in the quality and numbers of Communist armor and artillery facing the NATO forces in Europe. Concern is also developing over Soviet deployments of new fighter-bombers capable of carrying nuclear weapons from forward airfields in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and NATO admirals worry about the *Kiev*, the first Soviet aircraft carrier ever built, now cruising in the Mediterranean, and a sister vessel about to be launched.

The obverse view, held by other American and most European officials, is that this military threat is exaggerated, certainly in terms of Eastern European capabilities (the Russians do not equip their Warsaw Pact allies with the most modern weapons systems), and that the more Eastern Europe is economically dependent on the West, the better politically. This is an argument that the new administration will presumably have to resolve before too long on a more responsible level than the Ford-Carter campaign debates. There also is a cynical Western European view, expressed to me by a senior diplomat the other day: "The Communists are learning all the dirty tricks of the Capitalists: they will run up a debt so high that, considering the inflation rate, we'll be paid back 50 cents on the dollar in real terms."

In any event, the Eastern Europeans (and Moscow) are keenly aware of the need to keep alive economic cooperation with the West. The Comecon is currently awaiting an answer from the Brussels Common Market to its proposals for a formal trade agreement with the European Economic Community. The reply is due soon, but I was led to believe that it will be a negative one: the European Community fears that the Comecon lacks sufficent flexibility to deal with it on a market-to-market basis, and the commissioners in Brussels seem to prefer bilateral arrangements between the Common Market as a unit and individual Communist states.

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On another level, Eastern European economic problems are reflected in some measure in political crises, with Poland being the prime example of this. In general, however, internal political trends in Eastern Europe are moving away from Communist "liberalism" and toward a domestic tightening up. This reflects a widespread sense of insecurity for a variety of reasons—some linked to internal situations and others having to do with relations with Moscow. Sometimes, both factors operate, and there is no question that, rightly or wrongly, the Soviets are nervous about their Eastern European associates.

It is wrong to generalize about Eastern Europe too broadly. But, for the sake of clarity, the region can be divided into three main categories. First are the hard-line countries: Czechoslovakia, Romania and Bulgaria.

Since the 1968 invasion, Czechoslovaks have been the subject of the most sustained active political repression in Eastern Europe. The Communist party's First Secretary Gustav Husak (who recently was also elevated to the post of president of the republic), runs a virtually Stalinist state with his ubiquitous state security police, ever fearful of a resurgence of political dissidence. I was refused a Czechoslovak visa, with no explanation, but I suspect that it was part of a broader pattern that violates the provisions of the so-called "third basket" of policies in the 1975 Helsinki Summit agreement on the free movement of newspapermen within Europe and other people-to-people exchanges. (In my case, Prague's excuse might have been that I was expelled from the country late in 1968 for my reporting on the Warsaw Pact invasion and its aftermath.) Prague has been turning down a considerable number of visa applications even by "non-political" people: an American diplomat was recently kept waiting 16 days for a one-day transit visa, and, finally, gave up on it.

Czechoslovakia, however, has not been hermetically sealed from the outside, and a certain amount of information is available from Western businessmen (Prague, too, is hungry for hard currency) and through the highly effective, clandestine "Czechoslovak Socialist Opposition" organization whose members keep traveling back and forth, bringing out news and documents. The picture that emerges is one of what an acquaintance of mine called "the saddest society" in Eastern Europe. Along with Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia is a virtual Soviet satellite, with no voice even in Comecon affairs (where some other Eastern Europeans can be quite outspoken). Despite its industrial tradition, Czechoslovakia's economy is in sad shape. There are shortages of consumer goods (they can be seen in store windows, but at prices totally out of reach of the average Czechoslovak), rampant corruption, a black market, and a system of privileges for the top party officials around Husak.

Czech dissidents (or imagined dissidents) are frequently arrested. At least five political prisoners have been serving sentences since 1969, among them student leader Jiri Mueller. Last month, six musicians from two well-known rock groups were sentenced to terms of up to 18 months for "hooliganism." However, the Husak regime took no steps to punish a group of noted intellectuals who signed and circulated a protest letter against the musicians' trial. Evidently concerned with foreign public opinion, the regime has likewise avoided molesting such leaders of the 1968 movement as the writer Ludvík Vaculík, who is free to publish in the West. Alexander Dubček, the party leader in 1968, has become a non-person working under police surveillance in a forestry office in Bratislava.

In Romania, President Nicolae Ceauşescu, running a tight political ship, as he has always done as the price for a relatively independent foreign policy, is tightening up even more. In September, he launched a Romanian "cultural revolution," heavily permeated with Romanian nationalism, designed to place his country in an ideological Marxist-Leninist straight-jacket. No dissidence is tolerated or attempted. Romanian travel abroad is severely restrained, but any invocation of the Helsinki "third basket" brings charges of interference in Romanian internal affairs. On the international front, Ceauşescu maintains his flexibility in terms of Moscow. For example, Romania is on the best of terms with the new Chinese leadership, and Belgium's King Baudouin visited Bucharest in mid-October. Ceaşescu also remains close to Yugoslavia's Tito (whom he visited in September) and there are no real signs of a Romanian return to the Soviet fold in foreign policy.

Under party First Secretary Todor Zhikov, Bulgaria is the Kremlin's closest and warmest ally. But it is a state totally devoid of any form of political dissent or anti-Russian sentiment, the latter making Bulgaria an exception in Eastern Europe. The flavor of Bulgarian politics is exemplified by the fact that the official press, never having taken note of détente, continues attacking the United States and the West in ideological terms that even *Pravda* no longer uses.

In the second category are the semi-hard-line countries: Hungary and East Germany.

Under Janos Kadar, the party's boss and a rather popular national leader, the Hungarians, 20 years after the Soviet intervention, have come to terms with their reality. The repression seems muted because that's all that seems necessary. Dissent is quiet. There are economic difficulties, but Hungarians are reasonably well off, particularly in Budapest. Eastern Europe's most prosperous "double society"—successful private operators on the sidelines of the state economy—has come into being there. Kadar tolerates it as part of the unwritten "social contract" with the non-Communist middle class. The regime's economic reform has worked well (it is based on a decentralization of the economy and material incentives to workers), but many social needs, such as adequate housing and schools, remain unfulfilled. Hungary is also being hurt by a drop in

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exports and the soaring debt to the West. The Kadar regime is on good terms with the Roman Catholic Church and Protestant groups; Hungarians are reasonably free to travel to the West; and Hungary is one of the best performers under the Helsinki "Third Basket" reforms. It is almost impossible to buy Western publications, but Hungarians may subscribe to them by mail. Moscow evidently considers that Kadar is the best guarantee of Hungarian stability. The password is, don't make waves.

East Germany is something of a paradox. The country is reasonably prosperous economically, but the government remains repressive. Paradoxically, writers and artists have relative freedom to produce what they please, although they cannot actually criticize the regime of party Secretary General Erich Honecker.

Still, the Honecker regime evidently feels insecure with foreign relations in general, and with West Germany in particular. There may even be splits within the party itself. Last June, following the East Berlin conference of European Communist parties, the East German Communist party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* was the only one in Eastern Europe (or Moscow) to publish in full the final document stressing the autonomy of Communist parties in regard to the Soviets. This was seen at the time as a sign that the East German party might be moving toward a more liberal posture.

In early September, Honecker delivered a speech before a meeting of the party's central committee, emphasizing a hard international line. The reinforcement of the "ideological struggle," he said, had the "positive result" of destroying the illusions of those "who believed, after Helsinki, in the end of the socialist-Capitalist combat." For reasons that remain mystifying, *Neues Deutschland* eliminated these passages from the text of Honecker's speech it printed the next day. One of the interpretations in East Berlin was that the Soviets, for their own foreign policy reasons, wanted to defuse any public criticism of Helsinki, and forced the censoring of the speech. The newspaper, however, did publish a speech by Hermann Axen, head of the party's international section, claiming that the West's free access to Berlin was a "fiction," and that East German authorities could interfere with it whenever they pleased.

Experts in East German Communist politics suggested that Moscow generally views attacks on the West as irrelevant, but that it was necessary to recognize East Germany's concern over her citizens who desire to emigrate to West Germany. In fact, after Helsinki, numerous East Germans did apply for permission to leave. This evidently worried the East German government. Starting in September, the East Germans proceeded to build a border barrier between the two Germanys, stretching from the Baltic coast to the Czechoslovak border in the south—a grotesque extension of the 15-year-old Berlin wall bisecting the city. This barrier is virtually escape-proof: it consists of concrete slabs, mines in ploughed fields, anti-vehicle ditches, wire-mesh fences, electronic sensors, and guard-towers. There are indications that Czechoslovakia may soon build a similar fence along her borders with West Germany and Austria. A year or so after Helsinki, a new "Iron Curtain" may be descending over East Europe, in a physical sense, and, quite likely, with Soviet blessings.

In the third category are the "liberal" Communist countries: Poland and Yugoslavia.

The relative political freedoms enjoyed by the Poles since Edward Gierek, the Communist party's first secretary, came to power in December 1970, may well be eroded by the consequences of the current economic crisis. There is no question that Gierek is under severe party pressure following the June food riots (the regime had increased meat prices by 70 percent, then backed down overnight when disorders broke out among industrial workers) and his subsequent effort to launch a rational public dialogue about the nation's deep economic problems instead of applying repression. Party hardliners (who never forgave Gierek his 1974 administrative reform that broke much of the entrenched power of the old-line party apparatus) are after his scalp. It is not unlikely that the Soviets are encouraging the anti-Gierek faction. Analysts in Eastern Europe feel that Moscow may have concluded that a new push for "ideological purity" is required after Helsinki and the East Berlin conference of Communist parties lest "wrong ideas" start spreading.

In Poland, where the economic crisis and rising political tensions have already created considerable malaise, Gierk's fall, should it come, would inevitably usher in a new period of stricter political controls. Obversely, Gierek may try to defend himself through concessions to hardliners. At least one "liberal" Warsaw television commentator has lost his program. In mid-October, Gierek delivered an uncharacteristically tough speech in Katowice, in his home district of Silesia.

In Yugoslavia, the central concern is who will succeed Tito, now 84 years old. Official nervousness, directed both at the Soviet Union and the West, has produced a political and ideological tightening up. What worries the Yugoslavs most is that their multilingual federation could come apart after Tito's death. The attention of the police seems centered on real or suspected moves toward separatism in the six federated republics.

If there is a single, unifying theme in Eastern Europe today it is one of uncertainty. There is worry about the economies and the basic structures upon which the governments repose. There is mounting social uneasiness among workers, intellectuals, peasants and the new middle classes. There is cynicism among the youth born and raised under socialism. The real crisis in Eastern Europe may well be in the future.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Marquise of O. . .

(New Line)

Heroism in art comes in various modes, some of them very quiet. Eric Rohmer's new film is a heroic act, not in any daring of subject or flashy fracture of technique but in its simple, profound, unswervable pursuit of a vision. This is the first time that the author of *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee* and *Chloe in the Afternoon* has made a film from someone else's story, and he has moved into Heinrich von Kleist's novella like a spirit into an apt form. Far from an intimation that Rohmer was running out of resources, the film makes one feel that the Kleist story was unavoidable for him, a chance to move forward in *himself*. Rohmer is redefining the term "motion" in "motion pictures," fixing often on the drama that we understand rather than the matters that we actually see.

Through the four of his *Six Moral Tales* that have been released here, Rohmer has shown the development of a style founded on distillation (but not skimpiness), artifice (but not artificiality), symmetry (but not predictability), and a reliance on the sound as well as the sense of language—in sum, a style founded in neoclassicism. It was an original and telling way to deal with contemporary material, and now Rohmer has intensified it by choosing a story set in the neoclassic era itself and has made a film with, obviously, Jacques Louis David as its presiding visual genius.

Rohmer said after *Chloe in the Afternoon* in 1972 that he would not make another film until 1975, that he wanted to refresh himself. Then, as he tells it, he fell in love with Kleist and learned enough German to make this film in German because he wanted to use Kleist's very words in the mouths of his actors. (He also uses Kleist's words for the connective titles.)

The Marquise of O. . . was written in 1805 when Kleist was 28. Here I brutalize it in a few sentences. A young Italian marquise, a widow with two children, finds herself pregnant without the slightest knowledge of how it happened. A young Russian count, who saved her from rape when the Russians captured the citadel where she was living, declares his love for her, wants to marry her, and ultimately reveals himself as the father of the child. He himself, after he had rescued her from ravishing, had ravished her while she was unconscious. Constrained by her parents she marries him; bears the child; and at last rewards his penitence and devotion with her love.

The story operates through the enclosure and reconciliation of contradictions: the Marquise's innocence, yet her pregnancy; her parents' belief in her, yet their doubt because of her condition; the Count's act of rescue, yet his act of ravishment. The last line of the story, also the last line of the film, has the Marquise say that the Count would not have looked like a devil to her when she learned that he was the child's father if he had not seemed like an angel to her at the moment that he rescued her.

These contradictions create irony as well as complexity; and if you then add the straightforwardness of style and the sense that both the style and the irony are pushing the whole toward the sources of moral perception, you have a forerunner of Kafka. Many have noted the resemblance, including of course Rohmer who spoke about it at the press conference after the New York Film Festival screening. (Indeed Max Brod said that "sight must naturally not be lost of the fact that Kafka consciously learned from Kleist's style.")

So there is an overarching contradiction in Kleist's novella: the paradox that through neoclassic means the beginnings of the modern age are becoming manifest. And thus the comparison of Kleist and Kafka is relevant to the continuing importance of Kleist. Rohmer's central achievement is that he has comprehended all these matters and has fixed them, beautifully, on the screen.

The very look of the film is enough to make you glad that the cinema was invented. At the press conference Rohmer said that he himself was largely responsible for the décor, but he paid special tribute to Moidele Bickel for her costumes and, inevitably, to Nestor Almendros who has been the cinematographer on most of his films. Nothing in this film (I know it's risky to say this) has any hint of spontaneity, not even the explosions and battles in the beginning. Everything *looks* designed. Every wall color is selected for its relation to previous and subsequent wall colors; neoclassic busts in the background form a minor motif; a small cross on a table is carefully caught in the corner of a shot. The design is exquisite in itself, and our intended consciousness of it is meant to underscore the theme: human beings designing their destinies willy-nilly.

The movement—of actors, of camera, of editing—is perfectly consistent with this idea. Rohmer has used his experience of television (I would guess) to give him control of the compression of space without any feeling of cramp. Often a character moves from one side of the frame to the other in a fairly close shot, to speak to another character, and we feel the form of the space is being *used* rather than being protested against. Rohmer has learned from Renoir the use of the deeply composed shot and has understood where Renoir learned it: the theater. For instance, the second sequence. It's set in a large columned hall of the citadel. In the background is the front door; in the foreground, on either side of the frame, are two small groups of women and children. Through the door at back the commandant "enters"—the camera is fixed—and becomes the apex of a pyramidal composition. This establishes the compositional theme of the pyramid, which we soon see recurr-

Films Worth Seeing

The Clockmaker. Lovely French film, chiefly about two middle-aged men, the father of a murderer and the detective in charge of the case. Politically glib but rich.

The Memory of Justice. Marcel Ophuls' huge, hugely intelligent essay on justice, beginning with Nuremberg and moving outward. Most of it beautifully made, all of it most welcome.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud—and high time, too, for both of them. A wonderfully acted romp.

Silent Movie. Mel Brooks' good-spirited parody in which even he (because mute?) has some charm.

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ing, and it also establishes the very idea of patent design as part of the film's texture.

The actors come from the German theater. (Except for Rohmer himself, in a small, unbilled, non-speaking role. Early in the film he is the tall, long-faced Russian officer in the scene where the Count is congratulated by his commander.) The two principals are from the most celebrated theater in Europe today, the *Schaubühne* in West Berlin. The Marquise is Edith Clever, a lovely young actress of unerring grace and authenticity. Clever has to cry a good deal in this role, and one proof of her truth is that the crying is never merely observable, it is always touching, not least in the last moment on the love-seat with her husband (reminiscent of the last moment in *Chloe in the Afternoon*). Watch, too, for the moment after the doctor confirms that she is pregnant. She is alone, standing at the back of the room away from us. She runs toward us, then casts herself on the floor with her head falling on a divan—an easy, exquisite movement that took my breath away both times I saw the film. Her mother, played by Edda Seippel, brought tears to my eyes both times I heard her apologize to her daughter for tricking her in order to test her innocence. Peter Luhr, the Marquise's father, makes the strophes of honor very affecting. Bruno Ganz, the young Count, is rightly dark and complicated.

All the above are—more than is usually the case—elements I have pulled out of a seamlessly integrated whole. Rohmer has, necessarily, condensed Kleist, but he has served and honored him. He has once again dared to make a chaste film in an age of dazzle, an age in which frankness is dumped on us as an automatic equivalent of truth. Here Rohmer moves even further toward the perfection of his own cinema: of intelligent elegance and elegant intelligence, of pleasurable explicit patterns and implicit tensions, of faith in the value of every carefully selected atom that he shows us. Like all fine artists, he is forging a particular language out of a general lexicon. Like many fine artists, he has the courage not to be accessible to all as long as he is true to an inner music.

Which brings me to the last contradiction. After my first viewing I suddenly realized that there is not a note of music in the film. It was odd because I had felt throughout that I was listening to music—something like late Mozart.

Bicentennial Schlock

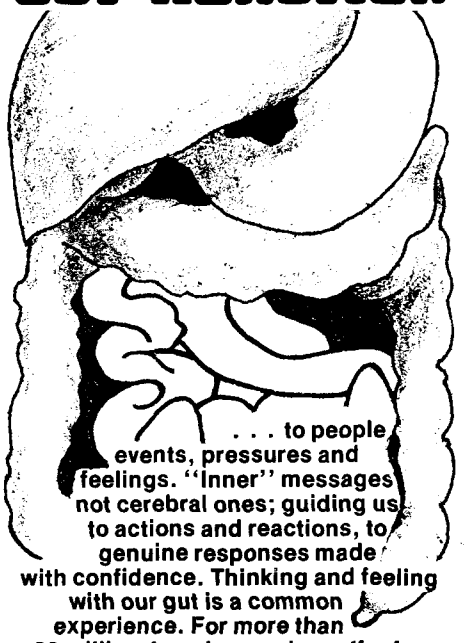
shlock; schlack; schlock: Rhymes with "clock." . . . From German: Schlag: *a "blow"; perhaps the Yiddish means merchandise that has been "knocked around." 1. A shoddy, cheaply made article. "It's a piece of* shlock." *"Where did you buy that? In a* shlock-house?" *2. A defective or fake article; an object one was cheated over. "That watch will never keep time. It's* shlock *merchandise." shlock-house: A store that sells cheap, distressed, defective, "fire sale" articles. A gyp joint.*

Leo Rosten, The Joys of Yiddish

I am a colonial historian, doing research on the American Revolution. This is not just a job with me: it is my central passion. How many of us are lucky enough to see the central passion of our creative lives translated into the Disney version, and for sale, in this translation, in every supermarket, and broadcast in every medium? Bicentennial Schlock offered me a once-in-a-lifetime chance to see cartoon versions of something I expect to be involved with for the rest of my life. And I had to try to make sense of the occasion for this stuff: the commemoration of the American Revolution. When I prepared my undergraduate American Studies course for the spring of 1976, the readings were primarily about the American Revolution, but I had decided to see, together with the students, what we made of the Bicentennial as well: to look at the conflicting versions of America's past, present and future presented by the Bicentennial, and to relate them to the various and conflicting definitions of America-to-be that were present at the nation's beginning.

There is plenty to read about the

GUT REACTION



. . . to people, events, pressures and feelings. "Inner" messages not cerebral ones; guiding us to actions and reactions, to genuine responses made with confidence. Thinking and feeling with our gut is a common experience. For more than 20 million Americans who suffer from a digestive disease, 'gut reactions' are all too common; pain, chronic illness and loss of good health for months and years, dominate their lives.

Ulcers, diverticulosis, hiatal hernia, liver disease, gall bladder, ileitis and colitis, spastic or irritable colon are just a few of the digestive diseases. They may start with occasional bellyaches, or nausea or pain — and become a digestive disease that kills one in every ten of us.

The American Digestive Disease Society has developed some techniques of 'inner listening' that will help you deal with the "gut reaction" messages you've been receiving all along. If you already have a digestive problem — or want to prevent one — you should learn to hear and understand those messages. We can help. Let us hear from you.

Write to:
American Digestive Disease Society
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 10017

Yes, I want techniques on "inner listening" for:

☐ _____
name of digestive disease

☐ and/or maintaining digestive health

Please send to:

Name _____

Address _____

_____
city state zip

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Revolution, but we had to catch the Bicentennial as it went by: through direct experience, the mass media, and the publications of groups hawking conservative, liberal and radical Bicentennials. I contributed reports to the class on a historian's travels and involvements in Bicentennial committees, lectures and symposia. My syllabus asked students to give short ungraded oral reports on the Bicentennial, in which they would not only present "the raw data . . . but also attempt to analyze, explain and interpret . . . Your interpretation should take into account the possibility that others, with views different from your own, might see your data differently. Why is your interpretation better?" Finally, I invited them to bring in items of Bicentennial Schlock for a tentatively planned exhibit and asked them, as with their reports, to try to analyze and make sense of it.

I gave students no definition of Bicentennial Schlock other than that items should be "inexpensive: free, or perhaps in the area of a dollar maximum price . . . If cheapness is one of our criteria," the syllabus continued, "the exhibit will come closer to reflecting the Inescapable Bicentennial, the one that falls on us all like rain, rather than an exotic and expensive Bicentennial: our schlock must be *real* schlock, available schlock, cheap schlock." Cheapness was also important since, as I told them, "you will not get your contributions back." (If I hadn't suggested other motives above, you might almost think that this was some Bicentennial freak's crazed invention to feed his addiction under the guise of trendy research. And who knows?)

Although no credit was attached to the exhibition part of the course, students responded with the kind of enthusiasm that would make a Bicentennial freak's eyeballs glow. Week after week, I carried this stuff, in both arms, from the classroom to my office, stopping off to have a student cafeteria brownie put in my mouth, and never really asked myself whether, doing this, I looked like a *normal* person. Pretty soon the office began to get crowded and, as I moved toward a rudimentary categorization, the categories filled up the chairs.

A second front opened when the media arrived. Just as Andy Warhol says, eventually everybody in the world will be famous for 15 minutes. The UPI photographer's next assignment on the day he took my picture was Super Joe Einhorn, driving his motorcycle over a dozen buses. After a while, I began to say no to interviews: I hadn't figured out what the stuff meant, and I felt like a fake. But by the time I cut off the interviews, I had *become* Bicentennial Schlock, my picture printed across the country. Wherever I went, they shouted "Schlock Czar," "Schlock Czar." People called me up to inquire about franchises. An omelet was named after me in San Jose. Handsome gentlemen invited me to come up and see their collections. And from all over the country—Granada Hills and Oakland, California; Jewett, Ohio; Providence, Newark, Muncie, New Haven even—people began to send me pictures of myself from their local newspapers—and more schlock. Toilet paper, sanibags, condoms and ginger ale bottles came through the mail, and schlockfans began to call me up late at night to compare collections. A spirit of community not unlike the fellowship of CB infused my otherwise solitary life. Fellow historians sent me things, too.

What does Bicentennial Schlock mean? I don't exactly know. I find this deeply embarrassing. I have always stood up against those druggy and mystical McLuhanesque types who think that cutesy juxtaposition is analysis enough. I shout, "Analysis, analysis: no data speaks for itself!" And yet, after all this, I don't exactly know what Bicentennial Schlock means. Will you take as an excuse the idea that this is only a kind of hobby, not my *real* work? Still, I hate to be caught not thinking like a social scientist. Try this one: "more research is needed."

It's true. Actually, the students did do something like research. As we formulated and refined our explanations, they corresponded with giant corporations and talked to salespeople and ad people; one of them even called up my dry cleaner to find out why my trousers came back in a Bicentennial bag. From work like this, some very tentative generalizations emerged:

1. *Nobody asked for Bicentennial Schlock, and nobody will take responsibility for it.* Salespeople were embarrassed and defensive: "It just came through that way." It came down from above inexplicably. Not exactly inexplicably. It's my *impression* that a major force in the creation of Bicentennial Schlock has been the anxiety of sellers, fearful of

Two Sanibags *Sugar & the Bicentennial*

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Above: *The Lemisch Family Bicentennial Flag.* Right: *Caps Worn by Entire Operating Room Staff During Surgery, Ball Memorial Hospital Muncie, Indiana.*

being caught with their red, white and blue pants down; fearful that their competitor, the one with the Bicentennial packaging, would sell all the peanut butter. Most of it *is* packaging, just this year's wrapping.

2. *No one takes it seriously; nobody was taken in.* This may seem trivial and obvious, but it is important. Many studies of popular culture tend to assume simplistically that what comes down in this way is a direct reflection of popular "needs" and desires. Thus we read the popular mood from the best-seller list, or we hear the longings of teen-agers in the lyrics of popular music. We assume that the comics express the innermost yearnings of their readers, or we reveal the contents of the popular mind based on our study of TV soap operas. All this seems hip and populist, but it is immensely condescending: it observes people making purchases within the very limited range of manufactured culture and assumes that they are fully buying; it ignores popular rejection and *reshaping*, and by obscuring "popular culture," it also turns us away from much that is rich in genuinely popularly created culture.

Indeed, Bicentennial Schlock is not popular culture. Like so much else that we think of as "popular culture," it was neither popularly created nor popularly adopted. (It *might* have become popular culture to the extent that people *adapted* it: collectively remade it, actively placed it in their lives. I find very little evidence that this was done, except by a few relatively isolated Bicentennial freaks, but I may be wrong.) It floated down from above, and responded to no popular longing to celebrate the Bicentennial. This is not to deny that there was a popular longing to celebrate. The tragedy of the Bicentennial has been that there was such a longing, but the Bicentennial provided very few vehicles adequate for its expression.

If Bicentennial Schlock was not popular culture, that does not mean that it had no effect on what people thought. Just as those years of watching the killing in Vietnam in living color on Walter Cronkite had to deaden our responses, so the piles of Bicentennial Schlock had to have some impact.

Bicentennial Schlock was, in a sense, the Watergate of patriotism: a healthy demystification which makes us wisely cynical and distrustful of many things that we should have been distrustful of before. The Bicentennial made American history look ridiculous, and there is certainly much in our history which deserves reconsideration in more critical fashion. Watergate exposed the foolishness of the romance of liberal intellectuals (many historians included) with strong men. Perhaps the Bicentennial will do the same for our perception of strong men in the American past: the whole *macho*-military complex, present from the very beginning, atrocities committed in the name of patriotism, the continuing horrors of racism and sexism. After a long year of American history Disneyfied and cartoonified, historians may have a harder time selling an overly deferential view of some of the heroes of our past.

But there is much in the American past that we have reason to want to commemorate and celebrate: egalitarian values (though unfulfilled); a scorn of class distinctions; a distrust of authority; a utopian streak, which expresses itself sometimes in our politics, and, sometimes—as we who live in the "burned over district" of Western New York know—in recurring waves of people striving toward perfection. Many of us who are ambivalent about the American heritage were nonetheless prepared to be moved by the Bicentennial. But this stuff kills genuine sentiment, and an urge to celebrate was shattered by the inadequacy of most of the vehicles around. There were some exceptions to this poverty of symbolism, but not in the world of Bicentennial Schlock. And since Schlock was the Bicentennial's most pervasive manifestation and perhaps its most enduring heritage, it almost seems, emotionally speaking, as if there were no Bicentennial at all.

Jesse Lemisch

Jesse Lemisch, a historian teaching in the American Studies Program at SUNY Buffalo, was a member of the American Historical Association's Committee on the Commemoration of the American Revolution Bicentennial.

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Books Considered

Brassai: The Secret Paris Of the 30's

(Pantheon; $17.95)

The ease and relative safety with which photography allows us to examine our values and, more important, the values of others is an essential aspect of the medium's appeal. Since its inception photography has provided the viewer with an insight into the structure of culture through the selection and depiction of its outward manifestations in the real world. During its first years, photography was criticized as being too literal, meaning simply that it went against the dominating tradition in the visual arts to revere the artist's imagination and encourage his alteration of observable reality. In a short time photography undermined this tradition, and whole new conceptions of responsibility and approach emerged in art and literature. The photographer could work anywhere and approach anything, and when it was placed in the service of the enormously curious mind of 19th. century man, photography simply submerged all other media by the sheer number of its images. What began with the daguerreotype reached a peak with the stereo view. It was not, however, until the small hand camera and a sensitive functional film system were developed that the candid photograph emerged as a particular form. A photographic document based on the assumption that the camera image, made in an instant, could reveal more than the mind knows or the eye sees. This form fully emerged in the public consciousness in 1889 when George Eastman marketed his first Kodak camera and the realization that everyone, and at any time, could be the subject of a photograph became commonplace. Since that time the intensity of this concept has increased in proportion to the sophistication of the technical system and the allied emergence of pictorial journalism as a prime communicative form. Today, however, it is clear that this approach has reached a point of intellectual challenge, if not emotional weariness, such that the candid image is now held somewhat suspect. Today a more self-conscious partnership between photographer and subject has become the trademark of the cultural documentarian as, for instance, may be seen in the approach of Arbus or Avedon. It now seems more difficult to appreciate even a masterful Cartier-Bresson.

This introduction may seem at first inappropriate for a commentary on Brassai, a photographer whose reputation is now very widespread following his recent exhibition at the Marlboro Gallery in New York which accompanied the publication of his book of Paris photographs. It may be seen, however, that in Brassai's photography we have a textbook example of candid photography being used as a tool for cultural investigation at the beginning of its golden age. The Parisian life he photographed was, in the '30s, at once both foreign and familiar, and as time has passed it has become increasingly tinged with nostalgia and fantasy. In his book, Brassai shows the nocturnal Paris of brothels, whores, pimps, opium dens, lesbians and beaux-arts students—what is called the underworld life by everyone but those who lived it. This is his second major book on the same subject. His *Paris de nuit* (1933) has long been considered a classic of the genre.

The challenge which confronted Brassai in the early '30s was how to photograph under difficult circumstances and without unduly calling attention to himself. It called for a suitable craft and a good deal of cunning. Brassai admirably solved the first problem, but his success should not obscure the interpretation of the pictures. Do his pictures reveal their subjects or only show them? In many instances I am afraid I conclude the latter, especially when they are compared, for instance, to Bill Brandt's penetrating studies of his fellow Londoners or the various photographs by Brassai's close friend André Kertesz. This judgment may be tempered somewhat when one considers that Brassai has never devoted his full creative energies to photography as have the other two; nor do I believe he sees himself as a social commentator. Brassai has also achieved some note as a sculptor and artist. In his later photography he has rejected the documentary style, and he has approached other subjects and more formal issues through close-ups of graffiti (published in 1960) and highly manipulated images in the cliché-*verre* technique of Picassoesque nudes (issued in portfolio in 1967). Brassai, in this sense, is much more the artist using photography, like Man Ray.

One aspect which, in part, strengthens our feelings about Brassai's Paris pictures is the feeling of familiarity and true delight which he projects through them. This is what might be seen to separate him from the average

La Môme Bijou *circa 1932*

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journalist-photographer working on assignment; although it should be noted that Brassai did take photographs for the illustrated picture magazines of the period and selections from this same group of Parisian night photographs appeared in the London *Weekly Illustrated* in 1934. His pictures lie somewhere between illustration and truly substantive work. Illustration shows us what we already know, reinforces attitudes already held, while a work of art challenges assumptions and, even in photography, with its omniscient realism, can change our realization of things; in short, alter our values. At his best, Brassai's work does this, and this quality becomes most evident in his photographs when he seems less preoccupied with making finished compositions. In the instances when he supresses his sense of pictorial order in his desire (or need) to photograph quickly and candidly, he is at his best. The portrait of Bijou, the café personality, is a case in point. The well-known picture is only the subject whereas the full figure variant is a brilliant photograph. When Brassai chooses to exploit that most fundamental property of the medium—the fragmentary view—his vision is integrated with the medium itself and its esthetic corollary, the candid photograph.

One unique aspect of Brassai's photographs is the quality of his prints. They are almost crude in their physical presence—glossy enlargements, borderless, grainy, with a tonal scale which can perhaps only be described as purely photographic, or purely Parisian atmosphere, or both. There are no crisp highlights and shadows, only varying shades from a deep rich gray to a lighter gray. This is a quality which the reproduction in the book cannot convey and why, in spite of the sensitive treatment the photographs receive in the book, one must see the originals. The best comparision to these prints are those by the American news photographer Weegee, whose prints, meant for the engraver, in a larger sense there was a reflection of their maker and his subjects.

Brassai has published numerous books and he is an engaging writer. His earlier *Picasso and Company* (1966) reflects a similar sense of enjoyable reading, particularly now with the vogue of the life of the Paris expatriate. The narrative text is divided into chapters focused on a particular subject or theme, or instance: The Street Fair, A Night With the Cesspool Cleaners, The Underworld Police, House of Illusion, and Kiki of Montparnasse. The pictures are reproduced without captions (these follow at the end of the book) and with the combination of black borders, white borders and full page bleeds one has the feeling that the designer was trying to bridge the same split in Brassai's work described previously; that is, between the illustrative and the revealable. In spite of this reservation, which comes only from the desire to see the best of Brassai's photographs treated as singular images, the present book is good. This is especially true since the original *Paris de nuit* is now so dear.

Peter C. Bunnell

Peter C. Bunnell is McAlpin Professor of the History of Photography and Modern Art, and Director of The Art Museum at Princeton.

Black Sun: The Brief Transit And Violent Eclipse Of Harry Crosby by Geoffrey Wolff

(Random House; $12.95)

In an advance comment about this book, Irving Howe described it as "highly readable and troubling." Howe is right, as he often is. It is a good story, with all the elements of a spellbinder: the passionate rich, Paris in the '20s, sex, sometimes kinky, scandal in high society and the foreordained ending of tragedy. Geoffrey Wolff makes the most of these exciting elements, writing in a cool and skillful way.

In what is now a familiar but very effective technique, the story begins with the "violent eclipse" of what had been Harry Crosby's "brief transit." On December 10, 1929, the day he was scheduled to have tea with his wife and his mother at the home of his uncle and godfather, J. Pierpont Morgan, and later to have dinner and go to the theater with them and his friend Hart Crane, Harry Crosby, aged 31, put a bullet through the head of his mistress and then killed himself. She was the former Josephine Noyes Rotch of Boston and had been the bride of Albert Smith Bigelow for about six months. Their bodies were discovered in the New York apartment which Harry Crosby had frequently used for his liaisons with his many lovers, and it was a few days before Harry and his wife Caresse were scheduled to return together to Paris. In Harry's pockets, the police found the Cunard Line steamship tickets he had bought that very morning for their return home. The rest of Wolff's engrossing story is the path through Harry Crosby's life to that final day.

He was born Henry Sturgis Crosby, as blue-blooded and patrician a patronymic Boston could provide. As if it were not enough, however, his ever loving and indulgent parents soon legally changed his middle name to Grew, and he himself preferred Harry to Henry. In a way it presaged Harry's lifelong addiction to changing names. After he shocked and defied society and his family by a scandalous affair with Mary Phelps Jacob who was then Mrs. Richard Rogers Peabody, another genealogically prestigious name in Boston, finally provoking an unpleasant divorce and going off with her to Paris, he changed her name to Caresse. It sounded good, it went well with Crosby, they thought, and it fit the acrostic which Harry felt they had to have for the rites and symbols of their life:

C
A
H A R R Y
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E

It became their sign; they used it everywhere and on everything. All of Harry's girls were given exotic names. Josephine Bigelow was "The Sorceress." Constance Crowninshield Coolidge, another good Boston name, became "The Lady of the Golden Horse." And there were others, such as "The Sun-Goddess" and "The Mad Queen."

He was rich, handsome, educated at St. Mark's and Harvard; had been through the war and had miraculously escaped death at Verdun from a direct artillery hit on the ambulance he was driving. He was in love with everything decadent, sensational and suicidal. He drove himself like the mad man he was. He was a drunk; he drugged himself with opium; he gambled for always higher and higher stakes; he lived a life of hysterical self-indulgence. And all

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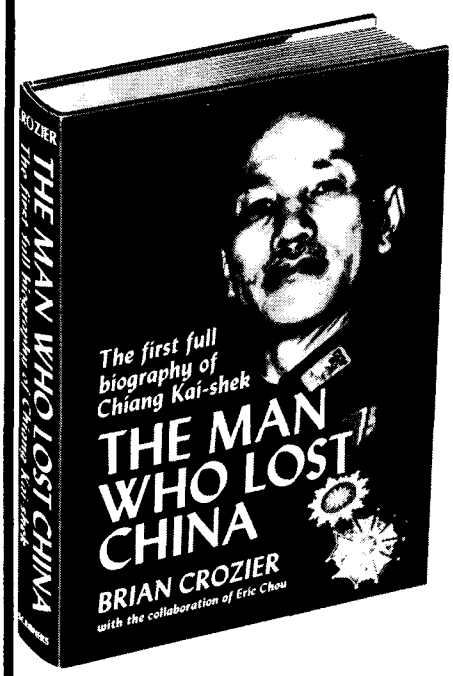
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SCRIBNERS

this he did in the name of Art. He believed that art and life were the same thing. He was not the first to succumb to the temptation of believing that madness and genius are kinsmen nor the last, probably, to pay the price of worshipping Art as a religion.

In the midst of his neurotic, orgiastic existence, Harry took seriously his self-appointed role as high priest of a personal sun-god, chanting hymns to Ra, declaiming his pact with Caresse for a violent death together at a time when the earth would be closest to the sun, tattooing a pagan sun-symbol on his back and on the sole of his right foot—a Christian cross was on the left. And he wrote poetry, most of which when it is not very very bad is mediocre; at best it is minor.

If he is remembered at all, Harry Crosby is known as the founder, together with Caresse, of the Black Sun Press. It was started, certainly, so that he and Caresse could print and publish in deluxe editions their own writings. Soon they began to print the work of their friends and contemporaries, and among the glories of the Black Sun Press is the first edition of Hart Crane's *The Bridge* and a portion of James Joyce's "Work in Progress," as well as the work of such literary figures as Kay Boyle, Archibald MacLeish and D.H. Lawrence.

This, then, is the eminently readable story Geoffrey Wolff has written. But it is a story which has lost its point in the telling, and for that reason it is troubling. If all Geoffrey Wolff, who is a good novelist, had in mind was a vivid narrative he would have done better to fictionalize it. Harry Crosby's, for all its trappings, was a shallow and wasted life. There is little or nothing to be learned from it, and although Geoffrey Wolff provides, as the English say, a "good read," his book leaves one wondering why he wrote it. Harry Crosby?—really! Why? Apparently the source material for the study of Harry and Caresse Crosby and the archives of the Black Sun Press is enormous and available. Much more fascinating and much more deserving would be a book about Caresse Crosby. Wolff is unnecessarily harsh toward Caresse Crosby, for no apparent reason other than that in her autobiography, *The Passionate Years*, she made a few insignificant errors of fact about Harry and their life together and especially the events surrounding his suicide: she wrote, for example, that when Harry and Josephine were found dead together, the gold sun-ring which he had sworn to Caresse never to remove was still on his finger; the police report, however, Wolff dutifully lets us know, said that a "'yellow metal ring'" was found on the bedroom floor, stomped flat. There are other such corrections, of equal import. Of the pair, Caresse was the more creative one, and even her contributions to the development of the Black Sun Press were more substantial than those of Harry. While she shared much of Harry's craziness and gave in to many of the same extravagant impulses which moved him, hers was not a death-driven life.

Black Sun is an elegant book, but a pointless and disappointing one. Geoffrey Wolff doesn't claim anything for Harry Crosby; he knows that Harry was not a poet and that his life was neither Art nor artful. As a result, this long and dramatically written book has about as much meaning as most of Harry Crosby's own writing.

J.M. Edelstein

J.M. Edelstein is chief librarian of the National Gallery of Art.

Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives: The Story of Homosexual Men in America Today by Howard Brown

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

On June 3, 1966, Howard Brown became the chief health officer of New York City, a post created by Mayor John Lindsay to coordinate the operation of the city's 22 hospitals, district health centers, and 94 child health stations. Early in 1968 he quit the post because he feared Drew Pearson was about to publish an exposé of homosexuals in the Lindsay administration. Five years later, and after much mental anguish, Brown came out publicly, an act that made him, in his own words, "the most prominent self-confessed homosexual in America." He died suddenly of a heart attack in January 1975, only 50 years old and just at the beginning of what would doubtless have been a significant career as a spokesman for the homosexual community. *Familiar Faces, Hidden Lives* is the story of the events and forces that led him to his act of self-revelation, wedded (happily) to an analytic account

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of male homosexuality in contemporary America. It is a superb book, intimate without being self-regarding, critical without becoming strident, optimistic yet clearheaded. It is also witty, moving and gracefully written.

Brown devotes chapters to all the major aspects of homosexual experience—the process of discovering that one is a homosexual, coming out (not publicly, but to other homosexuals), telling (or not telling) one's parents, the difficulties attending "long-term relationships," the effect of being a homosexual on one's work, and the roles played by religion, psychiatry and the law in the lives of homosexuals. He begins with his own experience in each of these matters, supplements that with the experiences of friends and correspondents, and then examines the scholarly and polemical literature on the subject. These different kinds of evidence are so skillfully combined that the book holds together despite its anomalous character (that is, neither strict autobiography nor sociological analysis).

Unquestionably the book's most important feature is its discussion of coming out publicly. Brown's basic assumption is that young homosexuals need models if they are to avoid the suffering, waste and self-hatred that he endured most of his life. "I am convinced," he writes, "that if several mature, respected homosexuals would come forward and declare that they are 'one of those,' the effect would be to alter drastically and forever the public's attitude toward us and the attitude of homosexuals, young and old, toward themselves." When homosexuals, particularly young ones, realize that respected doctors, teachers and lawyers are not only gay but unashamed of being such, they will, he reasons, find it relatively easy to come to terms with their sexuality and thus to lead happy and productive lives. The theory isn't as simple-minded or based on class distinctions as it might sound. Brown allows that other things besides sex may stand in the way of happiness and success, and he is as delighted (perhaps even more so) when an auto mechanic comes out as when a professor does.

But the basic argument of his book (and of his life) calls for homosexuals in positions of respect to provide models for the young, and he assumes that the very existence of such models will significantly change the experience of the next generation of homosexuals, if indeed it hasn't already significantly changed that of the present generation.

There are several objections that can be raised against Brown's theory. Some, for instance, find it unpalatable on what might be called stylistic grounds. That is, they contend that those who come out publicly are unbearably narcissistic, that they are more interested in self-advertisement than in social reform. There is a real danger here, but Brown at least seems to have avoided it. He comes through this book as a man for whom the pleasures of self-disclosure are meager.

A weightier reservation is that Brown's theory of models presumes a simplistic psychology, namely that we accept or reject our sexual identity on the basis of rational considerations. And, in truth, it is hard to imagine that a young man who feels deeply guilty about his homosexuality would suddenly change his mind simply because a famous physician in New York, or even a favorite teacher at home, announces that he is a homosexual. The answer to this, I think, is that such revelations can't hurt. They may not have the miraculous effect anticipated by Brown, but it seems reasonable to think that they will have *some* effect.

Only one objection to Brown's theory strikes me as truly serious: it fails to deal statistically with the issue of effeminacy. The model that he hopes to hold up for young homosexuals, it turns out, is distinguished not merely by its success and social acceptability but also by its butchness. Time and again Brown complains that our society defines the homosexual as effeminate. Thus the young man who finds himself attracted to his own sex but abhors effeminacy ends up tied in psychological knots. In Brown's own case, he was told by the head of the psychiatry department at Western Reserve Medical School that he couldn't possibly be homosexual because "homosexuals don't become doctors, they become hairdressers." Hence one of the principal objectives of the kind of public coming-out advocated by Brown is to establish that all homosexuals aren't hairdressers, that they can be just as manly as any heterosexual.

What I find objectionable in this line of reasoning is its uncritical acceptance of the heterosexual world's definitions of masculinity and femininity. It also creates a new category of oppressed homosexuals, those that happen to be effeminate. Admittedly, such homosexuals never experience the psychic contradictions that masculine inverts do

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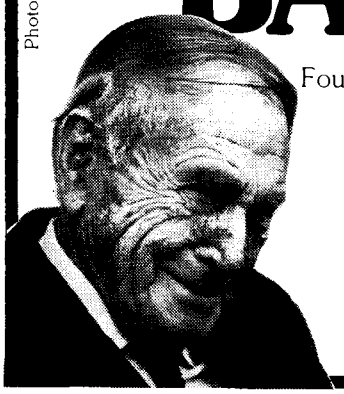

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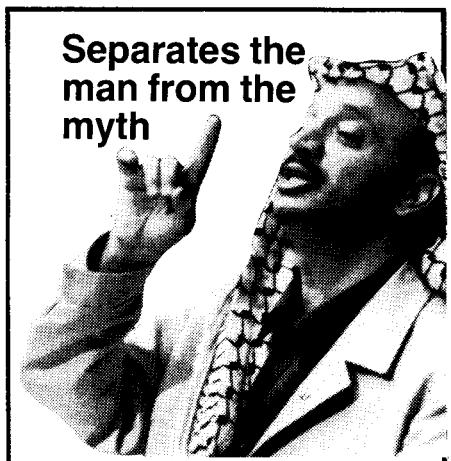
(although I suppose that effeminate heterosexuals might). Unlike Brown, they see an exact fit between their sexual urges and their self-image. But theirs can only be an entirely negative identity, since they are despised not merely by the straight world but by most of their fellow homosexuals as well. "Despise" is far too strong a word for Brown's own feelings toward effeminate homosexuals. Yet he is always relieved when the young homosexuals he meets—the "new gays," as he calls them—turn out to be masculine and aggressive, and not the "affected, effeminate, inept, [and] irresponsible" types that have defined society's stereotype. Inevitably one feels that this issue needs to be thought through at a more radical level than Brown has managed to achieve.

I have one final reservation about Brown's book, though I fear it may seem almost supercilious. It seems to me that if he has his way the result will be not only liberation for homosexuals but also a certain psychological impoverishment. This paradox is common to all reform movements, but is particularly striking in the case of gay liberation, where the oppression to be overcome is largely invisible.

As Brown notes, what homosexuals have suffered in the way of legal, social and political discrimination is insignificant compared to what they have suffered psychologically; certainly nothing like the legal, social and political discrimination visited on such identifiable "minorities" as blacks and women. If Brown and his fellow liberators succeed, that psychological suffering will be eliminated, and growing up gay will be as easy (or perhaps I should say as prosaic) as growing up straight. In effect, there will be no more Howard Browns. And while I wouldn't want to go on record as an advocate of suffering, neither do I relish being deprived of men of the complexity, depth and humanity that come from struggling to achieve one's identity in a hostile world.

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson teaches European intellectual history at Stanford and is the author of *The Modernization of Sex* (Harper & Row).



ARAFAT

By THOMAS KIERNAN

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Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience And Institution by Adrienne Rich

(Norton, $8.95)

Is a woman's anatomy her destiny? Feminism has to come to terms with female biology, to touch the experiences of most women, to offer us something better than the extrauterine or the male-implanted womb. We might have looked at Elizabeth Gould Davis' mythmaking in *The First Sex* for hints of the way re-evaluation would take us back to the doorstep of the Great Mother. Adrienne Rich, elsewhere a splendid poet, uses her imagination in *Of Woman Born* to re-create this pathway, to explore mythology to interpret history, and to probe personally for clues to the implications of being female.

Of Woman Born attempts to redefine female experience and bodily process not as the ground of humiliation and oppression but as a source of power and pride. The book has the imaginative power and release of myth, like Rich's recent poems "From An Old House in America" and the uncollected "Hunger" and "Sibling Mysteries." For example, she moves from quoting Freud's cleavage between what is inside and desirable and "what is bad, what is alien to the ego, and what is external" to her own reflection that "as the inhabitant of a female body" she cannot draw so neat a line. In lovemaking, both heterosexual and homosexual, and in pregnancy, there is "a strong sense of *inter*penetration, of feeling and melting of the walls of flesh, as physical and emotional longing deliver the one person into the other" or as the growing embryo is "something inside and of me, yet becoming . . . separate . . . In early pregnancy the stirring of the fetus felt like ghostly tremors of my own body, later like the movements of being imprisoned in me, but both sensations were my sensations."

The oppression and humiliation of women are detailed in *Of Woman Born*, as they must be in any study of the history of motherhood. Rich bears down on the abuses of institutionalized childbirth, in particular the descent of childbirth assistance from the midwife to the usually male physician. Given the primitive state of medical study up into the 19th century, physicians knew far less about childbirth than midwives and yet they increasingly controlled and mechanized it. At the same time they were themselves responsible for the epidemic proportions of childbed fever since, ignorant of asepsis, they came to deliveries with hands contaminated by contact with disease. The Austrian doctor, Semmelweiss, is one of Rich's tragic characters, an example of a man "thinking through the body," futilely urging fellow doctors to wash, dying himself of childbed fever—blood poisoning—contracted through a wound in his hands.

It is erroneous to insist, as Helen Vendler does in *The New York Review of Books*, that Rich accepts a new theology of male evil. Semmelweiss, Joseph Campbell and other men, including especially her three sons—born to their doped-up and allergic mother—are honored. Semmelweiss is as dignified and vulnerable as Mary Wollstonecraft, that early feminist who died after giving birth to Mary Shelley, who gave birth to Dr. Frankenstein and his monster in what Ellen Moers has described as a grotesque parody of motherhood. Men, also born of women, are likewise victims of patriarchal institutions.

Nor are capitalists Rich's whipping

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boys; she indicts China for indiscriminately testing contraceptives on women. "Alienated labor"—one of her chapter titles—means women alienated from their own giving-birth.

Delivered from such institutions, the book asks, what might motherhood be? Here Rich invites the imagination—her own, the reader's, the theorists'. "When we survey the lost, undocumented lives of the majority of women, the waste of women's brains and talents throughout history, the idea of a prehistorical period, when not a handful, but most women were using their capacities to the utmost, becomes increasingly seductive." Acknowledging that the sources are scanty and the theorists (Briffault, Bachofen, Diner, Davis) to be approached critically, always mindful that many of her readers may choose to have no children, Rich is most eloquent in her early chapter on "The Primacy of the Mother."

What is matriarchy anyway? "Briffault's matriarchal society is one in which female creative power is pervasive, and women have organic authority, rather than one in which the woman establishes and maintains domination and control over the man, as the man over the woman in patriarchy." Rich is not doctrinaire, however, but reflective. She turns ideas over speculatively and slaps new life into them. What if, for instance, the menstrual taboo had been invented by woman, and what if the inward preoccupations of a menstruating girl were reinforced by a society asking for her seclusion in order to cultivate her introspection? What if male puberty rites with their isolation and bloodletting were a male attempt to mirror natural female experience? Or what about the famous separation of work in primitive societies? "The avoidance of dangerous or physically taxing work by women for the *protection of unweaned children* has, of course, no implications whatsoever for the innate capacity of women to engage in such activities. It tells us nothing whatsoever about *necessary* constraints on . . . a non-nursing, or childless female; the only 'innate constraint' would seem to be upon men who are incapable of breast-feeding." In such observations Rich suggests what it would be like if we had never "supernaturalized" the penis, if male and female alike attempted to understand life from a woman's point of view without fear, guilt or envy.

By the end of the book, however, her tone flattens. In the chapter "Motherhood and Daughterhood," she claims that "for one thing, in the original matriarchal clan *all* females, of whatever age, were called 'mothers.'" Not in my clan, we want to retort. Although a footnote tells us she's adopting Kenrenyi's ideas, the dogmatism of the assertion ("for one thing") is unqualified. Unfortunately, this chapter, similarly doctrinaire in its approach to Eleusis, may be the most widely read.

To Rich's credit, however, the chapter beautifully re-creates Lily Briscoe's laying her head in Mrs. Ramsay's lap and re-evaluates Sylvia Plath's relationship to her mother, who is by no means the monster she has sometimes been made to be, even by Plath. Her mother, after all, is a survivor and was not Plath's model for suicide. But Rich omits mentioning that Plath's suicide could well have killed her own children, although in a later chapter ("Violence: The Heart of Maternal Darkness") she poignantly and unsentimentally describes the desperate hostility of some mothers toward their children.

Perhaps this is the place to note other lapses: "rapism" for "rape," a cant appearance of "ecology," occasional dangling modifiers and misplaced "onlys," a discussion of Margaret Atwood's novel *Surfacing* that doesn't refer to abortion and oddly equates its primitivism with fascism. If her repetition of "partriarchy" seems labored, possibly not the word but the set of institutions is the real offender.

In refusing a facile separation between internal and external, Rich reaffirms the intimate connections between her body and her work, and between autobiography and criticism. As other feminists remind us, most literary criticism and most history has been male-oriented while pretending to be impartial. Rich speaks throughout this book as a woman, daughter, a mother of three sons and a poet. She quotes from her early journals: "Recognize the uselessness of blind anger" and "use of children's school hours better, for work and solitude." While male poets of her generation could write easily about children, for her "poetry was where I lived as no-one's mother"—a defensive maneuver, not an ideal. Her 1971 essay "When We Dead Awaken" and her volumes of poetry "The Will To Change" and "Diving Into the Wreck" reflect her awareness that she must explore and not evade her

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experience as a woman; the specific experiences of motherhood inform this book and her most recent poems. "The taboos are being broken, the masks of motherhood are cracking through."

Of Woman Born speaks to women—and men, too—primarily as a celebration of what we may glimpse beyond the mask. It is an act of breaking through and delivering us from institutions that she believes disguise us. Rich is now capable of visionary anger, but more than that, she is consciously laying hands upon her own body and mind to heal and bless.

Joan Joffe Hall

Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

Lying, Despair, Jealousy, Envy, Sex, Suicide, Drugs, and the Good Life by Leslie H. Farber

(Basic Books; $10)

Those familiar with Leslie H. Farber's earlier book on *The Ways of The Will* (1965) know that no writer since Freud has told us so much about ourselves and about the penalties imposed by life in culture. This new book by Farber is welcome on several counts. For one, it incorporates six of the 10 original chapters from Farber's earlier work, which has been out of print and unavailable for several years. For another, it collects seven more recent items which extend and deepen the thrust of Farber's theory. Briefly, Farber's is a theory of will and its relation to the life we lead—as husbands, wives, children, friends, psychoanalysts, drug-users and so on. Like other theories, this one has to stake a reasonably large claim, and to anticipate competing claims which presume as well to account for modalities of recent experience. What distinguishes Farber's work, though, is its modest insistence, its sensible but not overly unassuming good will, and its strange habit of surprising us with an unexpected range of insight even when we thought we knew where the good doctor was taking us and were prepared to resist. Though Farber has been scrupulous to a fault in defining and delimiting his notion of will, he has pressed its application beyond anything his first readers could have imagined.

The theory takes its shape from Farber's contention that in human beings there are two realms of will. In the first realm we experience ourselves as relatively integrated persons moving in directions which are ratified by and in accord with the very thrust of our being. We do not need in the first realm to pause and deliberately ponder the constituent gestures, decisions and faculties which comprise the given self going about its business. In this realm, our will moves us in a direction rather than toward a specific object. As Farber concedes, "while this realm must, to some degree, remain impenetrable to inspection, its predominant experience is one of freedom—the freedom to think, speak, and act forthrightly and responsibly."

Farber argues, though, that we live in an "Age of the Disordered Will"; an age in which many have come to lay particular and anxious emphasis upon will of the second realm. This will is object-oriented, the movement it accomplishes "either conscious or potentially conscious." It is a will that has its utilitarian legitimacy, as anyone knows who has sought to master a skill without having had previous instruction, or to decide how best to get from A to Z when a roadblock was suddenly thrown in the way of his familiar course. Many decisions we are forced to make will of necessity be conscious decisions, and there is no denying the function of careful deliberation and consciously imposed discipline in various human activities. In describing such acitivities we do not ordinarily resort to the word "willful," but when we do, we find ourselves moving into the terrain explored with consummate precision by Farber. His concern over many years has been to illuminate those transactions in which the will of the second realm is asked to perform the functions of the first, transactions that have about them a large measure of obsession.

More specifically, disorders of will occur when an individual insists upon pursuing a particular course without consulting faculties other than will to determine what he ought to be doing. Such faculties include, in Farber's vocabulary, "not only will's usual adversary, which is reason, but also imagination, humor, discretion, and judgment." Farber's work is particularly rich in examples—many of them witty and anecdotal— of these disorders and their dynamics, and it is an inevitable conse-

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quence of reading such a book that one learns to generate other examples from one's own experience. Our stories are not likely to be as pertinent and arresting as Farber's, of course, since few of us could have been as reflective as he over a period of many years, or have so wide a range of clinical experience to draw upon. Still, Farber's stories will inevitably enhance our capacity to formulate our own: not to make them up, but to know them as experiences with point and direction where previously we'd thought them alert.

The key to such stories is perhaps best located in the essay "Lying On The Couch," for it is clear that the willfulness Farber consistently scores in various contexts always has a great deal to do with lying. At the root of willful behavior, of willing what cannot be willed, is an obstinate refusal to let ourselves know what is ours to know. Self-deception is the generic term for such a condition, and it describes that unfortunate state in which we maintain an account of our feelings or prospects when we know in our blood the account is a violation of the given. That given may be something so vague as character or personality structure, or so particular as the mode of a specific personal relation. Farber brilliantly evokes one such given, and its violation, in his essay on lying. As a young therapist working at a sanitarium he had been assigned the case of a 13-year-old schizophrenic boy, and was himself to be given one supervisory hour each week with Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, a therapist of great stature. Though he thought himself fortunate indeed to have an opportunity to serve under the auspices of so great a therapist, he found himself progressively dreading his weekly encounters with her. The patient remained absolutely mute, as he had been for years, and as there was little Farber could report about his anxiously monologous therapeutic hours, he and his supervising analyst found themselves desperate for some shared meaning that would take them through their time together. In one remembered hour, utterly incapable of empty speculative probing, Farber simply reported to Fromm-Reichmann, "My mind is a blank."

"'It's peculiar you don't remember anything,' she said. 'Perhaps your amnesia has something to do with our relation.' 'Perhaps,' I said hopefully . . . a familiar psychoanalytic shore lay ahead . . . I heard Frieda continue, 'After all, I am an older woman, no doubt about the same age as your mother.' Two more dissimilar human beings I could not imagine . . . And yet, I found myself thinking, Why not? If it pleases her I can learn to like it too. 'You may have something there, Frieda,' I answered. 'I do remember times when I had nothing to say to my mother, when I resisted all her entreaties . . Perhaps it is possible I've fallen into an old pattern . . .' and so on."

Farber indicts his own complicity in this encounter as a species of expedient deceit, affirming in the self-indictment participation in the larger community of friends, lovers, teachers, spouses, all of whom are vulnerable to "the construction of fictions—of various degrees of falsity." In explaining Fromm-Reichmann's behavior, though, the dimension of willfulness is especially significant, for hers was a practiced strategy of turning an open probe into an object-oriented movement toward "A familiar psychoanalytic shore."

Though a noted therapist, Fromm-Reichmann had herself fallen into a pattern entirely too common in her profession, a pattern Farber calls the compulsion or will toward causality. Unable to confront the condition of meaninglessness or simple communicative failure in a relation, such a will insists upon its own stubborn "knowledge," trotting out the established clinical formulas and making them "do" even when they are patently irrelevant. Farber's observations here are not intended to undermine the integrity of psychoanalytic practitioners but to indicate how fundamentally *human* an enterprise is psychotherapy, how vulnerable practitioners are to the stratagems and failures of insight the rest of us know so well. If ordinary persons frequently engage in that "drama of wills that passes for relation," how much more tempted must be the therapist whose very business is to establish and maintain relation, often with persons he'd as soon he'd never met. A major achievement of Farber's book is the sympathy it evokes for therapists, like Fromm-Reichmann, who work always at the edge of despair, or like Farber, who confront the disordered will without the usual weapons of revelatory certainty or confident transcendental urgency so beloved of faddists in the counterculture.

The subject of will is, of course, much larger than any focus on the psychoanalytic encounter can hope to suggest. Indeed, Farber's unique distinction as a writer is the degree in which he's managed to get beyond the hopeless mystifications and defiant contradictions to which many in his profession are addicted. At the same time, he writes as a professional therapist, grateful to be identified with what he takes to be an honorable tradition, whatever its errors and limitations. In this sense his work is an important corrective to much we have taken for granted in psychoanalytic discourse, and demonstrates that there are yet fruitful new directions to take which have nothing to do with revelatory fervor or primal regression. Farber's goal has been to describe human behavior and experience in as precise phenomenological detail as possible, to evoke the feel of an impulse or interaction even while evaluating its function or modestly looking into its origins. In this he has moved psychoanalytic discourse further and further away from its original medical models, without compromising

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Fiction

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either accuracy or rigorous analysis.

An exemplary item in this regard is Farber's chapter "On Jealousy." As we read it we feel that we have never seriously confronted the issue before, even when we read Proust on "Swann In Love" and witnessed the excruciating humiliations to which Swann submitted in pursuit of Odette. Nor had Freud been especially helpful on the subject, taking it only so far as it could be taken without compromising the authority of his larger explanatory system. That Freud would have seen the mechanism of every jealous obsession as a mode of projection can come as no surprise, moderately instructive though it may be. If we are jealous—so the argument goes—our feeling is derived from our "own actual unfaithfulness in real life or from impulses toward it which have succumbed to repression." Farber has little use for any sort of clinical context in discussing jealousy, and clearly determines to abandon the Freudian model so as to ground his enquiry in a species of intimate observation which also manages to be speculatively audacious. In this way, for example, he can show us how jealousy is a disorder of will, and that the texture of the experience is effectively communicated by reflecting on "a companion obsession" called "being-in-love." Though there are obvious differences in the two 'conditions' which Farber patiently details, "the imperative of total possession rules them both," and constitutes the preliminary ground we need to cover in understanding jealousy. The essay leads us on one spiraling probe after another, moving the theory of will as underlying motif toward ever more elusive predications like bad faith and promiscuity. It is the singular achievement of this essay, like the others in Farber's book, that it illumines our common experience without subscribing to the view that we are all inevitably acquiescent to the same patterns of deception and easy optimism that make most lives a melancholy spectacle. To say of the preternaturally jealous person that "he whores," that he is in the very broadest sense of the term "a seducer" who will turn any trick to hold an audience, espouse any conviction to be loved, is not to be cruelly judgmental. It is to locate the condition of jealousy in such a way that it remains continuous with the entire range of activities and possibilities that constitute the human option. It indicates that jealousy, like other disorders of will examined in Farber's book, is a function of an inpairment of imaginative potential which most of us seem quite willing to abide, so long as no one reminds us that the sacrifice may be greater than we'd supposed.

Robert Boyers

Robert Boyers is editor of the quarterly *Salamagundi* and professor of English at Skidmore College.

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Correspondence

Dialogue on Dialect

To the editors:

You or the author or someone greatly diminished John Osborne's illuminating "Carter Talk" in your issue of September 25 by the use of phonetic spelling of proper nouns ("Jawjuh" for "Georgia" and "Beely" for "Billy"). Given the Southern origin of those interviewed, the presence of a regional accent is not surprising. Resort to isolated instances of phonetic spelling in this circumstance must have been calculated to ridicule and patronize. The insertion of the parenthetical "(giggling)" at least twice in the account of Mr. Osborne's conversation with Gloria Spann is of the same stripe.

If these conversations were serious enough to be recited in your journal, your readers do not deserve the distraction of such prejudicial gimmicks. There are sufficient matters of substance to digest in the current campaign.

Roy Nolen
Houston, Texas

In reply:

This and several similar ejaculations from my native South cure me of the illusion that we'uns had got over this kind of hangdog idiocy. Most of the regionalisms that I heard in the Carter interviews were omitted and only a few that conveyed the essential tone of the conversations were printed. "Giggle" precisely reflects Gloria Spann's delightful expression of amusement; "Beely" from her is a term of endearment. Billy Carter, making his point about voter prejudices in Plains, deliberately caricatured "Georgia" as "Jawjuh" and no insult was intended by him or me.

John Osborne

Let the Record Speak

To the editors:

Your recent issue (*TNR*, Oct. 23, '76) contains a number of references to the importance of the power of the President to appoint members of the Supreme Court. It should be noted that during his term as governor of Georgia, Jimmy Carter made nine well-regarded appointments to the Georgia appellate courts. Gov. Carter's first appointee to the Georgia Court of Appeals, H. Sol Clark, was a pioneer in the effort to provide legal services to the poor and underprivileged, and became one of the first Jewish attorneys ever appointed to an appellate court in Georgia. Gov. Carter's first appointee to the Georgia Supreme Court, William B. Gunter, is an outstanding jurist whose dissenting opinion from the decision in *Jenkins* v. *Georgia* (the *Carnal Knowledge* decision, later reversed by the Supreme Court) was praised by a colleague as "a classic of legal reasoning and First Amendment wisdom."

Neil H. Koslowe
Silver Spring, Maryland

Paul's Promotion

To the editors:

Paul has been called lots of names—apostle, missionary, woman-hater, heretic, even Saint—but Walter Burnham in "Fighting the Image War" (*TNR*, October 2) adds another. In his last sentence he quotes words from "the prophet", but the words are from I Corinthians 14:8. Just as Jimmy Carter put the depression in the '40s, has Mr. Burnham made Paul into a prophet? This country is papered over with Bibles. I am sure he could have found one to check the source of his quote.

James Woodring
Whitesburg, Kentucky

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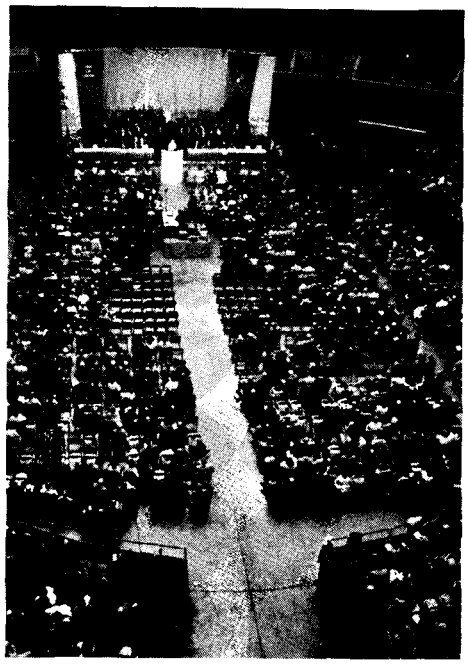

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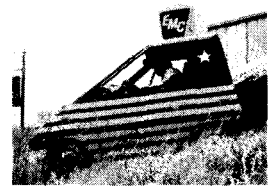

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